HN BULL, April 28, 1934

MYSTERY OFFER TO EVERY READER SEE CENTRE SUPPLEMENT

JOHN BULL

TWOPENCE.
Vol. LV.
1454.

"At eighty-one I fell downstairs"

Elderly folk are apt to grow frail before their time. As digestion weakens, food grows less and less appetising, so the system fails to receive the nourishment it needs. Yet old folk need stimulation and sustenance in some ways even more than young ones. And there is one sure way to a new lease of life which will tickle the most difficult palate.

It is a way which brought amazing results for a lady of 81, the wife of a doctor, who fell downstairs and whose life was despaired of. These are his own words :—

> "This is to testify to the splendid recovery of my dear wife, aged 81 years (due to Wincarnis). Three weeks ago she fell downstairs and cut her head to the bone, severing a small artery. The loss of blood was so profuse and the shock so great that my medical colleague gave no hope of her recovery. She has taken large doses of Wincarnis and made such splendid progress that she was able to travel to Brighton and is out every day. As a medical practitioner I cannot speak too highly of the wonderful recuperative powers of Wincarnis, and I shall do all in my power to recommend it so that others may benefit."

If Wincarnis can do so much for such a critical case, is it any wonder doctors have been recommending it for over 50 years for all elderly folk? It helps them to sleep. It creates rich, new blood. It builds up new stores of vigour and vitality.

Try Wincarnis to-day. The first delicious glass you drink will do you good. Notice how you feel fresh vigour stealing through your veins, how nice it is, but above all how much better you begin to sleep.

From any wine merchant, licensed grocer or chemist, 5/6 and 3/3 the bottle.

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THE WINE OF LIFE

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. . . a cheque from 'John Bull' *already*"

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A Chesterfield reader explains perhaps best of all how easy and straightforward a matter it is to ask and receive JOHN BULL's help. "Thank you," he writes, "not only for the prompt cheque on account of my wife's sickness, but also for the unique way in which you dealt with my application. No tiresome interviews, no cross-examination, and certainly no effort on our part. We merely signed the forms, and then, when misfortune came, we posted our claim. . . ."

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Signature..

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J.B. 28/4/34

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J.B. 28/4/34

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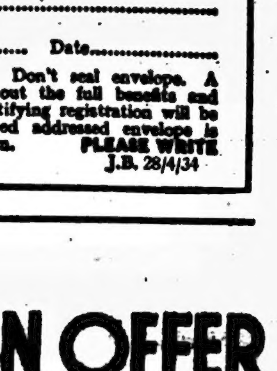

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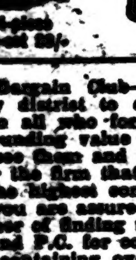

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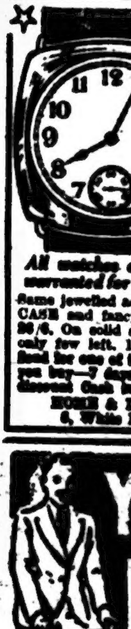

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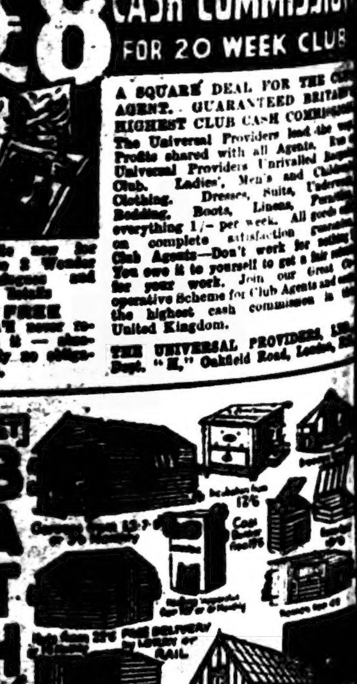
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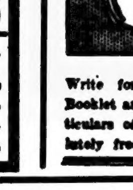

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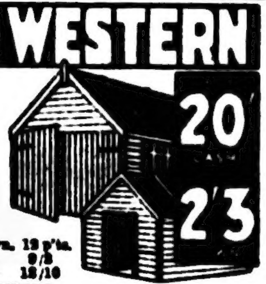

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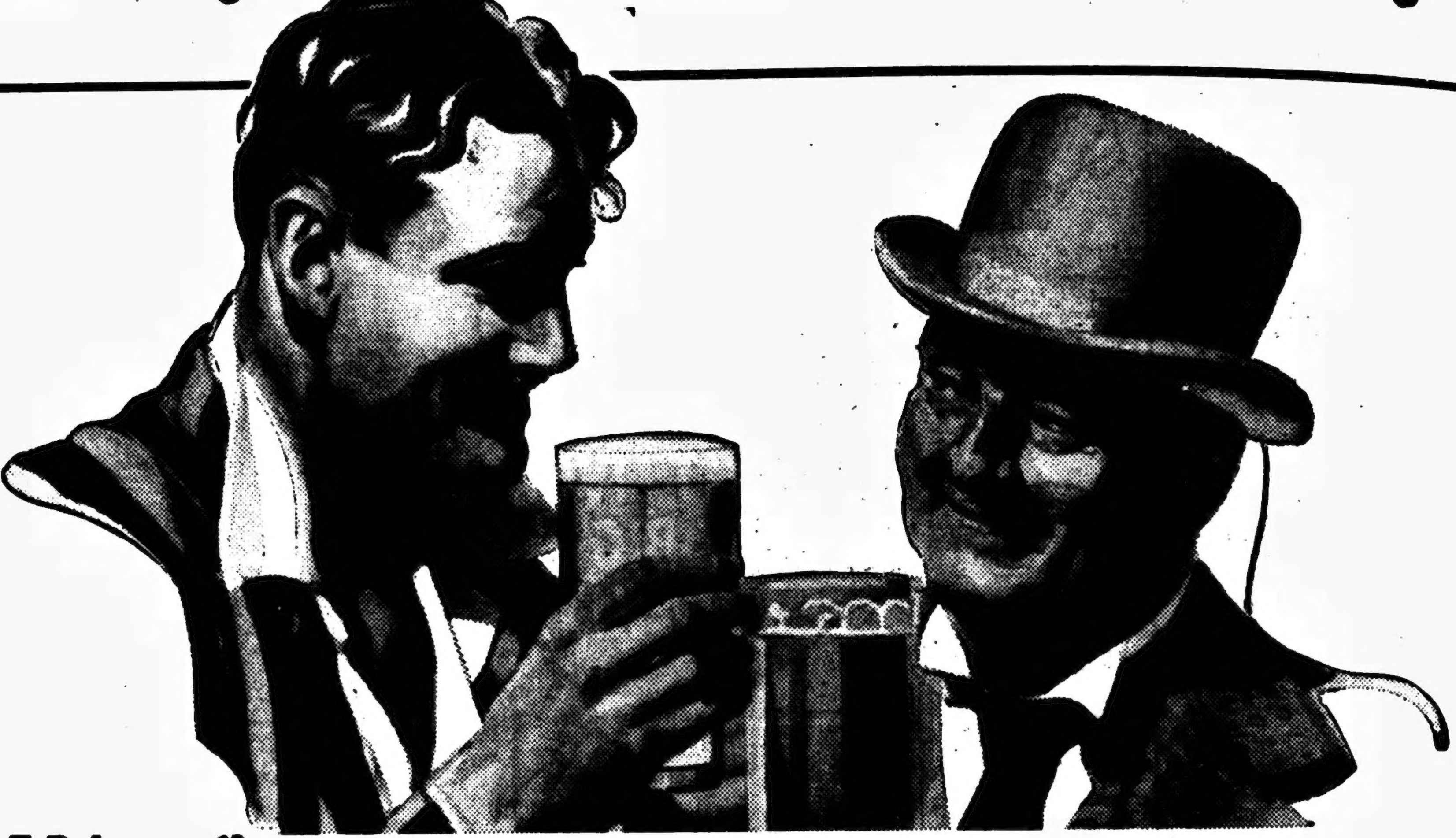

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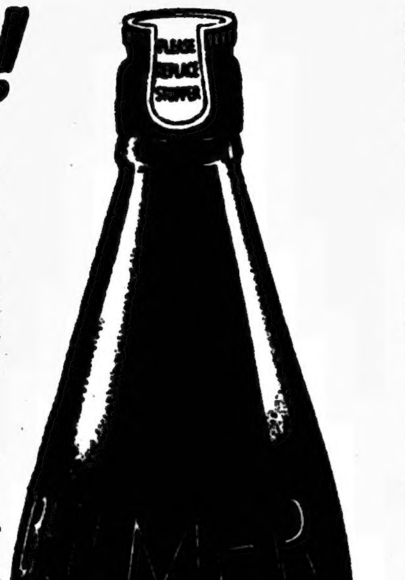
E. Bulmer



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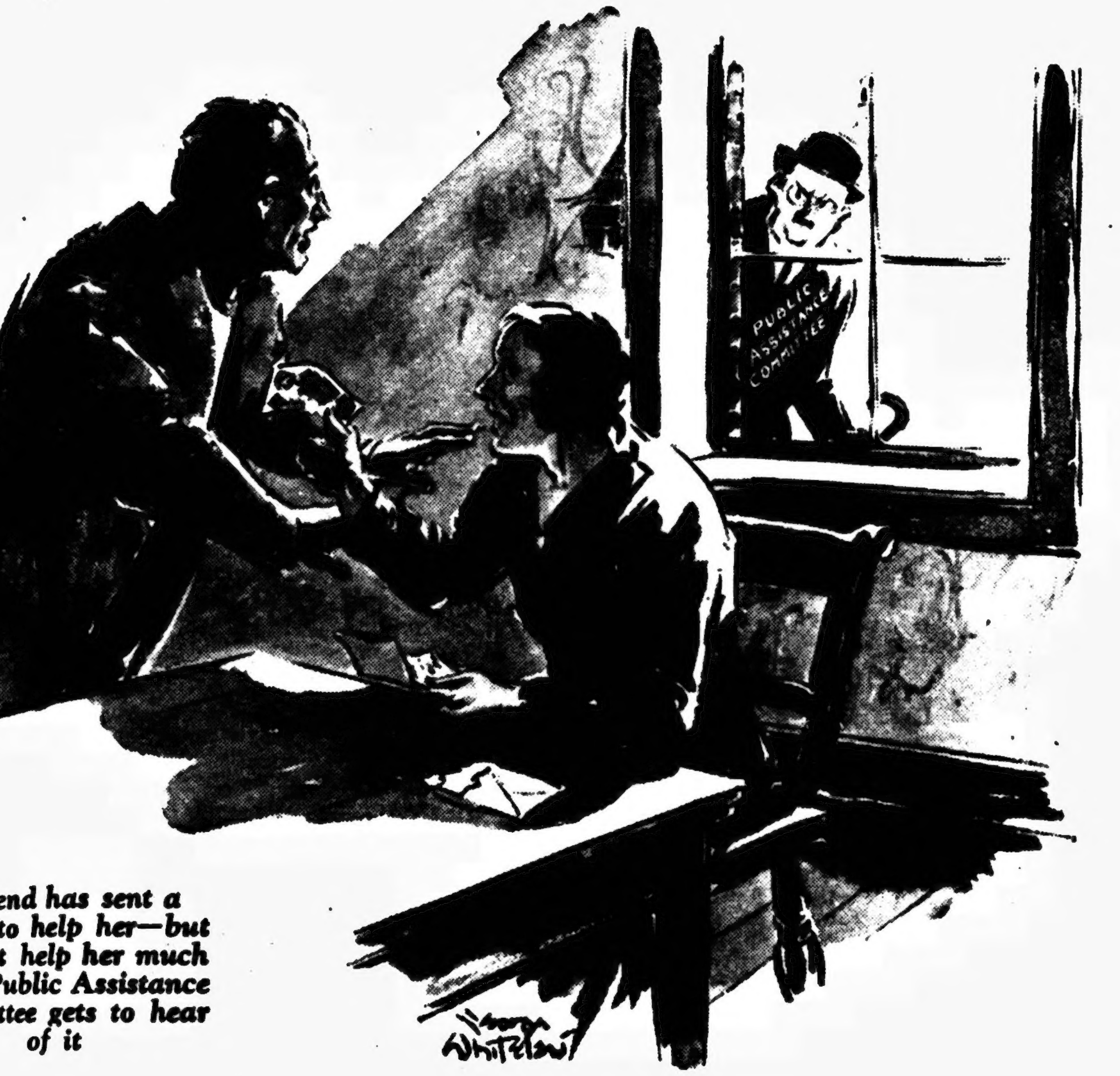
Telegrams: Heroically, London.

WITHOUT FEAR OR FAVOUR



A friend has sent a pound to help her—but it won't help her much if the Public Assistance Committee gets to hear of it

Take the Screw Off, Neville!

WE wish that Mr. Neville Chamberlain could have spared time to glance through John Bull's daily postbag before he ade his Budget speech.

Then, besides restoring the dole" cuts, he might have held t some brighter prospect to a rge section of the unemployed to hom the Budget can hardly be id to have come as the dawn.

We refer to men and women hose unemployment benefit is hausted, and who, by the anner in which the Means Test s been administered, have been eprived even of meagre transi-onal benefits and become, with eir families, outright paupers.

To-day 850,000 families are iven to be dependent on poor-law relief. In ree years their number has increased by more an 50 per cent., almost wholly because of the astic ways the Means Test has been applied.

A flash of illumination revealed to the untry the other day the manner and spirit in ich the most defenceless section of the com-unity can be treated on the pretext of hus-nding public funds.

Too honest!

T came from the case of the Manchester family that had a "windfall" of £5, received as a reward when a boy of fourteen found a rcel containing £100 and promptly restored it the owner. The mother expended the money boots and clothing for her children, on the yment of outstanding grocery bills and in deeming household articles in pawn.

She was immediately ordered to appear fore the Public Assistance Committee because family had drawn its usual amount of relief ile in possession of newly acquired wealth!

This woman was extremely lucky. The facts came publicly known, and, twenty-four hours fore Mr. Chamberlain presented his Budget, committee decided to take no action. It uld have been a bad advertisement for the rplus if they had proceeded with the case.

Recently a widow with three children came the offices of John Bull to seek advice regarding threat made to her that if she did not refund two weeks' relief paid to her family she would be prosecuted with all the rigour of the law.

Her "crime," too, was that she had been honest. Having lost her employment as a waitress, she went out in the morning to search for work as an office cleaner. She found in the street a wallet containing £55, and was rewarded with £2. Every penny of the money was spent on boots and underclothing for her kiddies.

Some weeks previously the woman had applied to the authorities for boots to be provided to the children. She now wrote cancelling the application and mentioned the reason.

Within a few hours she was stunned by receiving the threat of prosecution because she had drawn food and rent relief for her family while possessing an additional source of income—the £2 reward which had been spent on necessities!

Penalised heroes

WHEN we sought an explanation from the Clerk to the local authority for this monstrous action, the preposterous reply was given that, if Public Assistance Committees did not act resolutely in cases of the kind, their members would be personally surcharged by the Government auditor with the loss to the Revenue.

So was added another contribution to the Surplus.

Cases of this kind have become countless.

Even the spirit of neighbourliness is being destroyed by the relentless machinery which is supposed to protect the public purse. Instances galore are known to us of destitute families having their small amount of relief docked because it was admitted that kindly neighbours or friends had tried to make life brighter for them by gifts of a few shillings in cash or kind.

Unemployed men who have dived in rivers to save people from drowning or performed other acts of heroism for which they have received little money awards, have been haled before the authorities and challenged about seeking relief.

The callousness with which the administration is conducted goes much further, however, than placing a premium on honesty, charity and bravery. It discourages unemployed people from endeavouring to find the humblest work.

At Tavistock a young woman, rather than remain idle, took a job which entailed thirty-six miles of travelling weekly, but brought her a net income of under three shillings weekly. When she asked for partial relief, it was refused. She would have got it if she had not been so eager to work.

Men out of work in Northumberland, after days of scraping in the refuse tip of an abandoned colliery with their fingers, filled some bags with coal, which they took to their homes. The value of the coal was assessed and a corresponding amount deducted from their relief.

In Sussex a man who went into the wet fields at dawn and pulled a pound of mushrooms, which he sold for a shilling, was threatened with prosecution for concealing this "income."

Driven to suicide

JOHN TAYLOR, at the age of sixty-one, has committed suicide in Birmingham after having the relief of 9s. 6d. paid for himself and his wife stopped. He had been unemployed for years, but one of his children found work and soon had his wages increased by 5s. weekly.

There was great joy in the home—until the authorities discovered the fact and decided to save the 9s. 6d. for the country. Rather than "sponge" upon the small earnings of his child, John Taylor took his life.

We think there are few income-tax payers who would not have preferred to relinquish the benefit of their sixpenny cut, if they could have been assured that by doing so it would have lightened the crushing weight of the Means Test's heavy hand in such cases as we have cited.

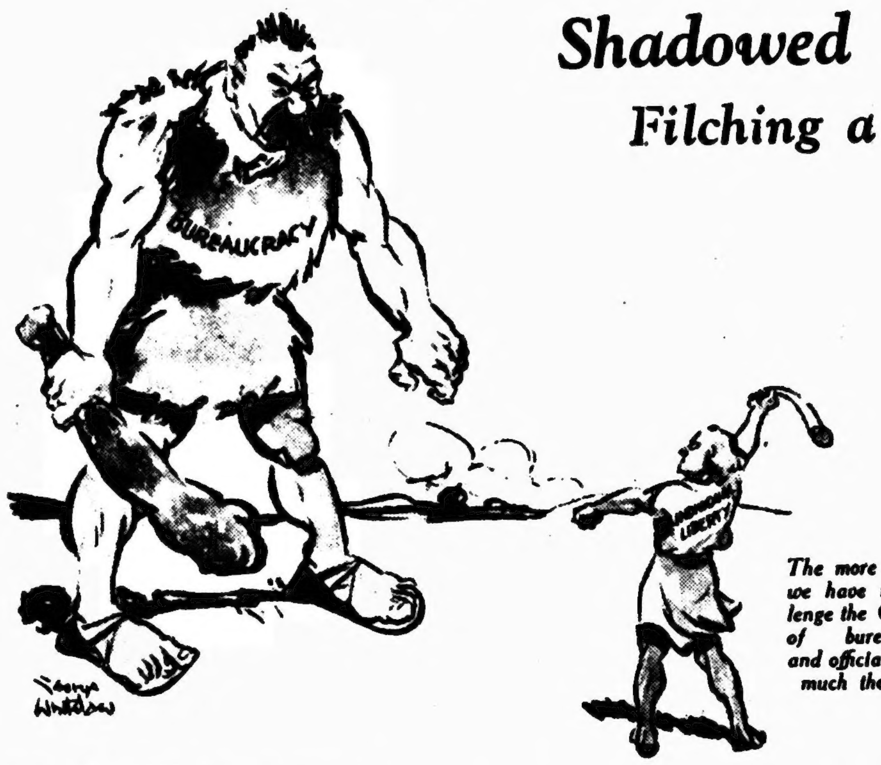
Frankly, we shall not believe in the "better times" that are supposed to be on their way if poverty-stricken people continue to be penalised on account of some trifling "windfall."

Let Mr. Neville Chamberlain drop the hint in the right quarters.

"Craziness" of the Sort we Like to See

Shadowed Woman Scandal

Filching a Poor Man's Mite



The more Davids we have to challenge the Goliaths of bureaucracy and officialdom so much the better

STRAIGHT FROM THE SHOULDER . . .

AT a time when, it seems to us, individual liberty is being assailed from all quarters and for all sorts of subtle reasons, Mr. Samuel Pope, the Clerkenwell magistrate, chooses to utter the rebuke: "People in this country are absolutely crazy on the subject of individual liberty."

We are delighted to hear it—and more power to their craziness in this direction.

If we weren't crazy about it we might all be muzzled by the tyranny of a dictatorship. And then even Mr. Samuel Pope wouldn't be able to "open his mouth and put his foot in it."

Really crazy

That is why we are utterly opposed to the curious armies of the Blackshirts, Redshirts, Greenshirts and others who want to suppress individual liberty.

That is why we have no sympathy for bureaucratic Cabinet Ministers and legislators who are constantly inventing new "offences" to restrict our freedom.

For that reason, too, we distrust and dislike the growing horde of officials who have power to pry into our private affairs and invade our homes—so that the Englishman's home is no longer his castle.

What he forgot

Perhaps Mr. Pope forgot these larger aspects when he made his thoughtless generalisation. The case with which he was dealing was certainly a provoking one, but it should not have provoked him to the extent it did.

Before him was a young man who had undergone an operation for brain trouble, but had discharged himself from hospital lest he should be "locked up for life."

It was said that he had terrorised his family for months, and Mr. Pope naturally thought that he "ought to be put somewhere where he could be looked after."

Disgraces to end

But there are millions of normal people in this country who do not want "looking after" as various groups of cranks, doctrinaires, so-called reformers and bureaucrats fancy they do.

Every reader of **JOHN BULL** knows that it is against this type of pernicious busybody that we wage constant war. And we shall continue to do so.

No, Mr. Pope. It is not less craziness for individual liberty we require to-day, but more Davids with stones to sling at the Goliaths that are continually arising to menace it.

Waking up

We see that Mr. A. P. Herbert, the writer, has also been letting himself go "Unjust, indecent, inhuman, barbarous and bestial" is how he describes the divorce laws, and we agree. We are pleased, too that he thinks it is time for writers to attack the scandal. We have been doing so for years and need all the support we can get.

Our legislators will go on being too cowardly to grant the long-wanted reforms until the whole public treats the subject as a vital one.

His ignorance

We know quite a lot of housewives who could dispel the astonishing ignorance of Mr. Runciman, President of the Board of Trade.

When Mr. David Kirkwood asked for action against the food profiteers, Mr. Runciman sent the following answer: "I am not aware that there has been any general increase in the margin between wholesale and retail prices, and I see no reason to institute an enquiry."

If he went round the markets one morning, saw what the middlemen pay the farmers for their produce, and then saw how much the housewife has to pay next day, we imagine that even Mr. Runciman would change his mind.

Britons first!

Another thing we want the Government to watch is the plan for moving several big German factories to this country.

We believe some of the firms want to bring German workers over to work their plants. The Minister of Labour must see that only British labour is employed.

Besides, we want to see the Germans pay the debts they owe to our traders and investors instead of dodging them.

The Fragrant Minute.

"HE'S MY BROTHER"

NOT a new story, but I love it much. 'Tis a true story with the human touch. Well worth the weaving into simple rhyme. Well worth the hearing for the second time.

A pale-faced laddie, underfed alack, was bearing on his far too slender back, a crippled child whose irons increased his weight, whose fretful cries proclaimed his weary state.

"Don't cry," the other begged, "we'll soon be there." A passer-by, amazed, approached the pair; said, with compassion in his voice and eyes, "Too big a burden, lad, for your small size." The boy looked puzzled. Perhaps he had not heard? Oh yes, he had. 'Twas just one curious word that made him hesitate and then explain, "That's not a burden, sir," and then again, as one man talks with frankness to another, "That's not a burden, sir. Why, that's my brother!" . . .

Clearly that small lad's spirit understood the meaning of that great word—Brotherhood.

Wilhelmina Stitch.

"John Bull" Copyright

Wilhelmina Stitch will always be very pleased to hear from **JOHN BULL** readers. Address letters to her c/o The Editor, **JOHN BULL**.

Shadowed

We were disquieted by an astonishing case brought by a Scottish widow against the Chief Constable of Lanarkshire; still more disquieted by the monstrous legal loophole which made her lose her case.

She claimed £1,500 for alleged defamation of character because the police had kept an intensive watch on her house, so that people thought she had committed a crime.

Actually, the police were trying to find an old friend of hers, a detective-inspector who had absented himself from duty.

Judge's comment

The judge declared that the woman had sustained a very serious injury. He would, he said, have given her £500 damages.

But he had to find that she had no remedy in law, and so decided against her.

His strong criticism of the police will be poor consolation for that unfortunate woman.

Contemptible

If a child is injured at school, who should pay for the doctor?

The West Riding County Council has answered this by paying for the doctor's first visit, but not for further medical treatment. Yet the father of the injured child is out of work, has a large family, and one of his children is crippled.

We don't wonder the Wombwell education authority has protested. The county council may argue that it is acting according to regulations, but that doesn't make it any the less contemptible.

More protests

Nor are we surprised that Lancashire education bodies are shocked by the shabby treatment of poor children in Westhoughton and other towns.

We told, a fortnight ago, how 4d. is deducted from the parents' public relief for each school meal supplied.

We must make it clear, though, that it is the county authority and not the Westhoughton Council that is responsible for this meanness. We hope it will soon be shamed into second thoughts.

His deserts

Still, the worst enemies of the unemployed are people like Harold Lightfoot, of St. Helens, who has gone to prison for six months for cruelty to his children.

This scoundrel gambled away his unemployment pay and left his family destitute. No one will think his sentence too severe—least of all the great majority of out-of-work parents.

Why?

But we fail to understand why the Ruthin justices merely fined another inhuman scamp named Kay, who had so starved turkeys, geese and other birds that eleven died and the rest were emaciated.

They described his offence as "one of the vilest of crimes" and told him he was liable to be sent to prison.

Why didn't they send him there?

Bravo!

After many cases like these, we read with relief of the Falkirk woman, Mrs. J. Watson, who pushed aside men who tried to restrain her and plunged into a canal to save a little boy.

Almost as fine, it seems to us, was her comment: "I am a mother myself. I must do something to save him."

We are glad she succeeded and we should like to see her bravery rewarded.

Balderdash

We'd like to hear what that brave woman thinks about Mr. W. E. Goddard, who doesn't believe life ought t be saved—not by surgical means, any how.

Talking of a man who died under a anæsthetic, had his heart massage and was brought back to life, Mr God dard exclaimed that this was a sort o vivisection. The evil of such a practic couldn't be estimated.

No, it can't be estimated because doesn't exist.

We take the risk

When will something drastic be don about the air swankers?

One who did tricks over Epsom th other day dropped a door of the aero plane on a roof. We hope he is trace and heavily punished.

Flying is so safe nowadays that whe such swankers get busy it is the man woman or child down below who take the risk.

No sympathy

Now contrast those swankers with motorist named Ashmore, who exceede the twenty miles-an-hour limit becau he was hurrying to the bedside of hi child.

He was haled before the Swindo justices and explained the circumstance adding that the child had since died.

"Yes," said the clerk, "but that no excuse. I think if the house had been on fire you might have speeded to get there, but it can't be allowed in this case." So Mr. Ashmore was fined £2.

We don't suppose he expected sympathy, but neither do we imagine tha he expected such a precious bit of nonsense from that clerk.

Fortune

An English international football has been offered re-engagement by hi club at wages of £4 a week!

He is an Englishman with an Iris name, and is described by men wh have played against him as the bes centre-half that England can put in th field.

We think it's time someone started "restore the cuts" movement for footballers.

Are you a crook?

We refuse to be disturbed because lady called Miss Cicely Craven asse that "we are all criminals, and have th same criminal instincts as those wh have been adjudged to have broken th law."

She was speaking in a City churc and challenged her audience to asse that they had never been guilty of de frauding bus companies of penny far and swindling the railways of larg sums.

We can't answer for her congre tion, but we're convinced that the nu ber of people who deliberately bilk pa ing their fares is a negligible one. A we're very glad to believe that the va majority of the public are honest.

Filching his mite

The incredible meanness of some lo bigwigs almost takes our breath aw

An old man in the poor law insti tion at Trowbridge, Wilts, was allowed shilling a week pocket money from h old-age pension. By his thriftiness h managed to save £7.

Then the master found it and th board of guardians promptly filched th lot.

As an afterthought, however, th allowed the master to keep £2 in ca the old man should need it.

And now his pocket money is to stopped!

As we said

It was naturally no surprise to that the Home Office is to receive co plaints about betting on local election Weeks ago we drew attention in the columns to this dangerous new form betting.

Cottingham, in Yorkshire, thin that its election was influenced in th way—that electors voted for candidat against whom long odds were offered.

One councillor pointed out that it w quite possible for a bookmaker to d tate the course of an election.

That is a possibility we can't aff to tolerate.

Wireless Worship is NOT ENOUGH

by DR. FRANCIS UNDERHILL, *Dean of Rochester*

IS the Wireless a help to Religion—or a hindrance?

That is a very important question, not only for the Christian Churches but also for thoughtful people who believe no civilisation can endure without a spiritual basis, and who are convinced that effective education and life worth living require a sound religion at the back of them.

Many people declare that the Wireless is a real assistance to their religion. They get services, they say, from churches of varied sorts, and talks from eminent men and women far better than the sermons of the local parsons. Their knowledge is increased and their thought stimulated by what they hear broadcast.

On the other hand, it is maintained that the Wireless produces a too comfortable sort of armchair religion.

There is no irreverence in listening to a talk on some serious subject during a meal, for there is nothing incompatible between eating and drinking and faith. But just to listen-in to a service, at home or at a friend's house, giving less than half one's attention to it, while the younger talk, laugh, or even protest, is hardly a suitable way of treating the things of eternity. Both effort and atmosphere are lacking.

Can this sort of thing really be called worship, or even religious? And though quietness may be kept and the thing taken more or less seriously, is it a sufficient substitute for public prayer and praise?

In one way at least the Church owes a profound and increasing debt to the Wireless.

Of late years ignorance of the Christian eligion had become very common, though the oss had perhaps not been very widely realised. ut that fact made things all the worse, for it llowed many absurd caricatures of religion to e accepted in all good faith by those who knew o better.

THE Bible was less read than in the past, and the decline in church-going prevented the uninstructed from recognising how much hey read or heard was true or untrue.

Nowadays, largely owing to the wisdom of the .B.C., many thousands of men and women who ould never enter a church or dream of reading solid religious book, listen-in contentedly to alks on the Wireless.

These may not always be the best that could e given; now and then they are highbrow, and ccasionally they verge on the sloppy. But, as a ule, they are good, and multitudes take in hrough them the elements of the Christian aith as set forth by accredited teachers. Better till, some of the finest passages of the Bible re from time to time read.

This is altogether good. A revival of religion everywhere on the way, and the Wireless is aking a solid contribution to it. No one can ear the Christian Faith adequately set forth ithout feeling its fitness to life, its spirit of eroism and its beauty.

Those who have specially to do with the oung say they are now in touch with a genera- on largely uninterested in religion. Many of hem have never been taught to pray, and their onceptions of God and of eternal life are dim nd crude.

But, at any rate, they are not prejudiced; ey have lost the conventional contempt for the hurch and clergy which is typical of many of e generation now old and passing away.

When some of these young folk have a vigor- us Christianity presented to them, it does not rike them as dull or old-fashioned; it is fresh nd adventurous.

We might not have wished that a genera- on should grow up so largely ignorant of ligion. But since we have it, let us take care hat we write on the clean slate. Here the B.B.C. giving very efficient help.

BUT if I am asked whether I consider listening-in to a wireless service as a satisfactory substitute for public worship, in church or sewhere, I answer emphatically—No. And that ot only on religious grounds, but for scientific nd psychological reasons also.

Many men and women declare that they can st find and praise God in the open air, on the untryside, on the hills, or by the sea. Very kely. There are others who assert that they n most effectively worship while playing golf. hat I take leave to doubt. I shall return pre- ntly to the open-air point of view. I greatly mpathise with it, but I think it is wrong.

There are others who say they find the Wireless services just what they want. I believe they are wrong, too; and for the following reasons:—

There are a great many points at which the centuries-old method of the Church is being strongly reinforced by modern discovery. One of these, a very important one, is worship.

Here psychology has some very pertinent things to say. We hear a good deal to-day about the herd, or crowd, or group sense. Put simply, what that means is that any group of persons, large or small (but especially large), possesses a consciousness and a power which are more potent than the mere adding together of each separate personality which makes up the crowd.

Take a hundred average men and women, put them in separate rooms, and go round to each of them separately, telling them the same thing—something stimulating and inspiring. Well, you will have done something for each of them. You will have given each something to think about, something probably which has done them good, just as the Wireless gives something really valuable to each listener.

But now bring all your hundred average men and women together, into one place, if possible one which has an atmosphere about it; put the same inspiring and stimulating thought powerfully into the mind of the whole group, *and make them do something about it.*

Then you will get a group consciousness at work which will be far more potent than the individual thoughts or desires of any or all of them in isolation. Human nature is like that.

Now translate these ideas into terms of the noblest faculty possessed by man—his capacity to worship God.

Everyone who has thought seriously about religion has some individual experience of God, gained in very many different ways; in prayer, in the church, in the country, from friends, from the Wireless. Each knows something for himself, and that is his personal possession.

BUT it was not given to him to be kept to himself; it is to be shared. This can to some extent be done by speech; we can tell other people something of what religion means to us. Yet much of our religious experience—our knowledge of God—is not capable of being put into words. It can, however, be shared with others, in worship.

When we go to church, each of us takes himself; what he is, his whole character. That raises the question why we go to church at all; and I should maintain that it is not primarily to hear a sermon, or to enjoy the music or the service, though those are all good in their way. We do not go so much to get as to give.

Chiefly we go to give to God the best we can in the way of worship; but we also want to help those who sit, kneel, stand around us.

The atmosphere of any congregation in any church is dependent on what each worshipper brings. If the atmosphere is cold, lifeless and boring, it is because those who are there are making it so. If it is warm, keen, alive, it is because the men and women in church are themselves warm, keen and alive.

And what each is in himself he imparts, invisibly, intangibly, but very really, to the others. The whole worshipping body thus becomes something much more than the sum of the characters and experiences of each individual. It becomes a splendid group, intent on God, and giving Him something far finer than the best could give alone.

THIS kind of thing cannot happen unless we all meet corporately, physically together, in some fixed place.

That is the answer to those who say that for themselves they can best worship God in the open air. It may be true, but it is a very partial truth, and ignores the whole duty of public praise of God.

It is the answer also to those who prefer to listen-in to a Wireless service at home. They may be getting something really valuable for themselves, but they are giving next to nothing. Their religion is weak because it ignores the vitally important corporate side which is an integral part of any healthy approach to God.

The Roman Catholic Church, and the Anglo-Catholic part of the Church of England, realising this, make public worship on every Sunday and on a few week-days in the year an *obligation* on their members; something they *must* do, regardless of inclination or disinclination.

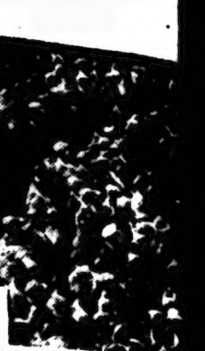
And they are right, on all true religious principles, ancient or modern. Those parts of the Church which have slackened at this point are proportionally weak.

A comfortable evening spent listening-in to a Wireless service or talk, however good, can never take the place of corporate worship in a church.

Studio 3E at the B.B.C., from which religious services are broadcast

FOR EVERY ONE OF THESE—

At Wembley—the best-natured sporting crowd in the world—why? Because the ardent "fans" are hopelessly outnumbered, lost in the huge packed mass of folk who bring little or none of the partisan spirit with them.



—THERE'S TEN OF THESE!

MIRACLE

by Corinthian

the Famous Football Authority

THE world's best-tempered sporting crowd will meet at Wembley Stadium for the Cup Final on Saturday.

Watch that vast crowd of 92,000 souls—if you are lucky enough to get a ticket for the great game.

See how they allow a mere handful of officials to shepherd them from station to Stadium approach, thence to the appropriate turnstile, and finally distribute them evenly and comfortably over miles and miles of seating accommodation.

Notice how fairly and impartially the crowd distributes its favours while the great game is on. All it asks in that peak hour of the football season is the right to sing, shout and watch the game.

I don't suppose there'll be a single arrest, except of such gentry as pickpockets.

We have been too apt to misjudge Cup Final crowds ever since 1923, when a crowd stormed the ground and invaded the playing pitch, many people being injured.

Our football authorities themselves misjudge them, and as a consequence issue tickets for far less accommodation than the ground provides.

Player v. Crowd

They permit only 92,000 to be present, whereas they allowed 120,028 people to see the Final on the smaller Crystal Palace ground in 1913, and 101,000 on the same ground as far back as 1901, when crowds were far from being as good-natured as they are to-day.

At pre-war Cup Finals, when all the standing space was unreserved and followers of the two teams participating were always prepared to line up at the turnstiles earlier than the people who merely wanted to see the game without caring which side won, the crowds were far more partisan than they are to-day.

In those days almost every spectator knew which side he wanted to win—which isn't true to-day, when fewer than a tenth of the tickets issued go to the two towns concerned in the Final.

Very different crowds from the one we will see at Wembley on Saturday—one which, in the main, will only want the better side to win.

The old-time crowd would sometimes make a "dead set" against a player for no apparent reason—it is strange how some quite brilliant players fail utterly to gain the sympathy of the crowd.

The result in the case of nervous or temperamental players was that they were completely thrown off their game, and came in the end to deserve the jeers that were flung at them.

A legend, now

Then the two sections of the crowd so spurred their favourites with their often undeserved applause as to give them the confidence that counts for more, in this battle of the giants, than in any league game.

If a London team were playing a provincial team the crowd was overwhelmingly London. If it was a South of England side against one from the North, they were overwhelmingly Southern.

They would take sides with an East Coast team against any team from the West. Partisanship so affected the play that it affected the result in many cases.

And so grew the story—which is a mere legend as far as present-day Cup Finals are concerned—that the result at Wembley depends as much on the spectators as on the players.

The truth is that the crowds at Cup Finals nowadays are too cosmopolitan to be partisan. That has been true of them since 1924, when the practice of admitting by ticket only was introduced.

The method of distributing these 92,000 tickets makes it impossible for one team to get more encouragement than the other—or discouragement, either.

So fairly allotted are the tickets as between Manchester and Portsmouth that both teams will have the same number of supporters present—roughly 5,000 each; just about enough, added together, to provide Dulwich Hamlet with their ordinary Saturday attendance.

Absent "fans"

So what room is there for partisanship when only one of each ten spectators present is a follower of either of the two teams?

Nor will the South of England be better represented than the North, or the other way about.

The tickets are spread over England according to density of population in such a way that Durham will get just as fair a share of them as, say, St. Albans. Distance will not cause a town to send less than its quota, because there isn't a town or village in the whole kingdom in which would-be Cup Final spectators are not to be found.

It has been like that ever since that Cup Final in 1923, when a section of the crowd ran amok. And the result has been that from 1924 onwards all the Cup Final crowds at Wembley have been alike—more non-partisan than any other sporting crowd of the size you will fin anywhere else in the world.

There are other curious points to b noted about these present-day Cup Fina crowds—all because, I think, of th present method of distributing tickets.

One is the amazingly large number o non-enthusiasts present. I use the ter non-enthusiast for want of a better. I mean the people who are not only no followers of one side or the other, bu who have probably not visited any othe football match during the season.

Where are they?

Many people you will find present who know nothing whatever about the game, and only go because they regard it as something big and spectacular and well worth remembering all through their lives—like the Derby or a Coronation.

Another strange feature is the amazing lack of some of the biggest stalwarts of football—the people you most expect to see there.

The Wembley crowd is always without many of the life-long supporters of the two teams that are playing off the Final. Without relatives near and dear to the players taking part. Without, in many cases, ex-players who themselves were playing in the Cup Final only a fe years back.

They are not absent merely becaus they have more pressing business else where, but for the simple reason tha they can't get tickets.

Let us examine the method of dis tributing the tickets. It will help t explain some of these strange anomalies.

In the first place, nearly all the 92,00 tickets are issued for sale through th different football clubs that have take part in the Cup competition. The number will be few in the case of a smal town team that played in the earlie qualifying round, but it will be a fa allotment nevertheless.

Against that there can be no grumbl —except that the authorities issue s few tickets when the ground will safel and comfortably hold so many more.

Apart from these tickets sold by th different clubs, there are special issue to club directors, which will amount t as many as forty per director if hi team is playing in the Final.

Tickets as bait

Now I have heard some very pertinen questions about this custom in forme years. Intended, undoubtedly, to reac those people whom the directors kno to be the biggest workers in connectio with the local club, these tickets have, to my knowledge, often failed to reac the persons for whom they wer intended.

I have heard people say that certai directors have passed them on to bus ness friends as a bait for self-advancement—or to get new business. In plai words, used them as bribes.

There is another allotment of ticke that will surprise you—but not b reason of its generosity.

For each player in the Final there i an issue of two tickets and two ticket only. Two tickets. Just think what i

The Human Machine

Find an Idea!

YOUR mind is a wonder-working machine. Maybe you've never thought of it like that? If you haven't, that's the main reason why it's never performed any wonders for you.

But it is: it's a definite wonder-working machine that can generate sufficient energy, when unceasingly and consistently applied, to bring about any result possible to a human being.

Most people don't generate energy. They don't allow themselves to generate energy. They allow energy to ooze and dribble from them in an aimless and purposeless way.

They only see what has to be done when someone points it out to them; they only act when they are told to act. To such people problems and difficulties are irritations—not inspirations.

No man ever rose in any sphere of life who didn't learn to use his mind as a dynamo, who didn't learn how to escape from the mental shackles of despondency, inertia, doubt, timidity, indifference and laziness.

No man ever rose high who fussed and fiddled about over things that didn't matter, instead of getting on with the things that did.

To have initiative, to be enterprising, to have driving force and "go"—well, the recipe isn't so terribly complicated. It means seeing clearly what you want to do and then bending every ounce of intelligence, will-power, and energy you possess towards doing it.

Most people achieve nothing because they haven't any real idea of what they want to achieve.

Real, positive ideas are dynamic in themselves. They have an emotional quality that automatically sets the machinery going.

Play around with some real ideas for a bit, and see for yourself!

# of the CUP FINAL CROWD

Who'll carry off that Cup this year? The large majority of Wembley spectators don't much mind, so long as it's the skipper of the better side

eans, rememberng that the layer's appearance at Wembley is robably the biggest event of his areer and that very body who nows him wants o see him in that reat hour.

Two tickets will ot take wife and other and father, ill they? One of hem must stay way. Who? There ave often been heartburnings over at.

It is a position made far worse when e player has children—especially sons f football-playing age, whom he wants bring up to be great footballers emselves.

I have seen some real cases of hardip arising out of this difficulty.

I remember that, when Alec Leake was aying for the Villa on one occasion hen the famous Birmingham team won e Cup, his father had to stay outside e ground because a ticket for him uld not be found.

Father was annoyed!

I remember another father who was ept out of a Cup Final crowd for a ifferent reason. If his son made a istake during a game he used to fight is way to the dressing-room to astise him. And the risk of his doing on Cup Final day was one that uldn't be taken.

I have seen old finalists kept out, too unable to get tickets. But I must say at when a team reaches the Final at has been there before, it usually its among the first people to be condered for tickets those players who elped them last time.

Some clubs, however, are not so sentiental as others.

Once I helped to solve the problem of hether a player's wife or the former cretary of his club should get in. The lution was a happy one.

It was when Birmingham met West romwich in the Final in 1931. I was st about to enter the ground when I w Mr. Alfred Jones, a former secrery of the Birmingham Club, standing sconsolate at the gates. It was a really d story he poured into my ear.

I worked hard!

Naturally it was the ambition of his e to see his old team win the Cup. nd he had been allotted the ticket, too. ut he had just met a player's wife who d lost her ticket. What was he to ? To give her his ticket and be left tside himself?

Well, I found a way out so that they th saw the game, but only by dint of awing a harrowing picture of a disppointed wife or loyal old secretary ing left outside the gates and suffering the greatest disappointment of a lifetime.

Such an incident as this shows how impertinent are the people who turn up at every Cup Final and try to get in for nothing on the strength of some friendship or other.

I have known a family of six send in a note to the effect that they "saw a crowd in passing, found the Cup Final was on, and decided to attend, and will be obliged if you will send out the necessary tickets without delay, and oblige."

Both the Portsmouth and Manchester City Clubs have had plenty of experience of this kind of thing in the last few weeks.

Not until it was known what teams were in the Final was a single ticket allotted, and since then Portsmouth has had a staff of sixteen people working incessantly dealing with applications.

Like Manchester, they have found that if all the letters received are to be believed there are thousands of people who think their fathers or uncles saved the club in some mysterious way or other, while the number of people related to crack players of the old days is legion.

Revenge—telepathised

There is no ruse a certain type of applicant won't try. And when it fails, there is no threat they will not make.

People have even said that they will have the whole family sitting at home during the match *willing* the defeat of the local team—unless they are allowed in the ground. They must think football officials are very superstitious people!

One of the 37,000 odd letters received by the Portsmouth club exemplifies the best type of applicant. It reads:

"We are twelve regular supporters of the club and would like twelve tickets if you can manage it. But we are all good sports, and will know, whatever you can do for us, that it is your best. 'If it is only one ticket that you can spare we shall at least be able to ballot for it, so that one of us can describe the match to the others."

They are getting two tickets.

If you could look at the mail of any team in a Cup Final you would realise what a problem is set for a club's officials. Not only do ten times too many people apply for accommodation, but many send ten times too much money. Cases have to be judged on their merits. Change has to be sent back by cheque. Many people want to conduct a long and acrimonious correspondence. A few people become embittered.

It is a time for the tact of a Solomon and the firmness of an income-tax inspector!

No, it's no easy job building up a Cup Final crowd. And what a cosmopolitan crowd it is, as I have shown.

Many who deserve to get in, don't. Far many more who have no special claim to tickets have the luck to get them.

But that is as it should be.

The Cup Final is not an event limited in interest to the supporters of the two teams that win through to it, or even to habitual followers of football.

Its appeal is to the sporting instinct of a whole nation. And that is why, with the fairer distribution of tickets throughout the country, the 92,000 at Wembley on Saturday will be a gathering of good sportsmen—as good tempered a crowd as you will find anywhere.

Nebulous Film Offer

A QUEER mixture of religion and company-promoting is embodied in a "private and confidential" circular issued from 48, Dover Street, London.

It states that a company is in the course of formation to produce and distribute symphonic films of a religious character.

The proud aim of the new company will be to supply an urgent need for decent, clean, moral entertainment in the kinema of to-day, and to "co-operate with the Catholic Clergy" to that end.

The circular encloses a copy of a letter which has been written by His Excellency, the Cardinal of Vienna, blessing the proposed venture, and adds that the first two films to be made will be "The Messiah" and "The Eternal Song."

Necessary arrangements are already being made. The action takes place in Salzburg, and the Prince Archbishop of that great city has granted permission to take some of the scenes inside the Cathedral.

For convenience, subscriptions have been fixed at £10 and multiples thereof, and the company is thoughtful enough to send with its circular a specially prepared "Form of Participation," in which it is only necessary for investors to fill in their names and addresses and the amounts of their cheques.

The money, we observe, is not for the new company at all. It is actually intended for an unnamed "Promotion Syndicate" which *intends to form* the company, and which will share 50 per cent. of its promotion profits among the lucky people who send along their £10 subscriptions, or multiples thereof.

This offer emanates from a concern called the Abbey and Allied Securities, Ltd., which was exposed in these columns a few weeks ago by Sir Wyndham Childs.

In these circumstances we need say no more.

MYSTERY PRESENTATION
Accept Now. *See centre supplement*

Tobacco Trade Sensation!!

NEW INVENTION THAT IS SWEEPING THE COUNTRY FROM END TO END!

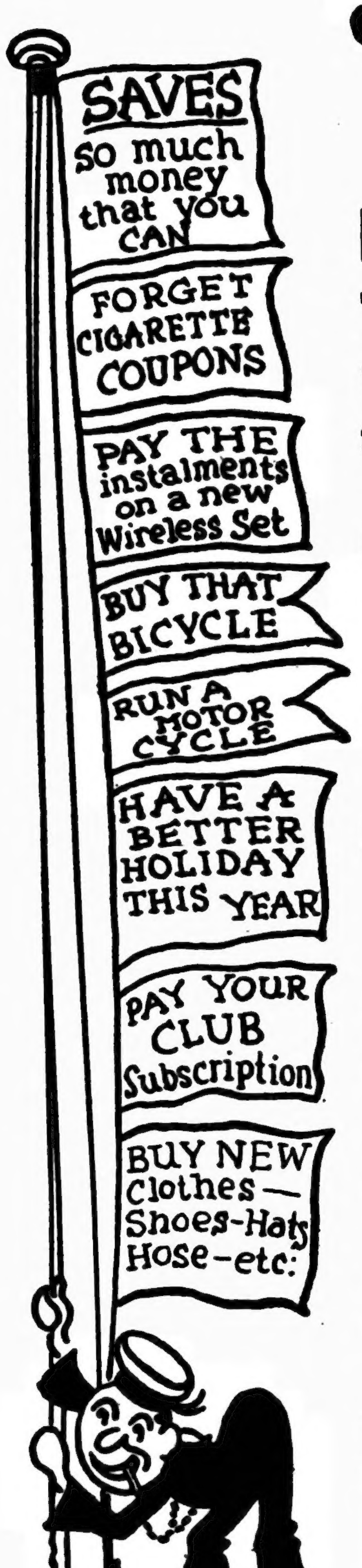
You can now make your own FILTER-TIP Cigarettes—36 to 40 from an ounce of tobacco costing 8d. upwards.

Every Man and Woman Smoker should accept this

GREAT OFFER OF THE NEW WALNUT FINISHED

RIZLA Jiffy Compact

De Luxe Special for POCKET or HANDBAG


SAVES so much money that you CAN
FORGET CIGARETTE COUPONS
PAY THE instalments on a new Wireless Set
BUY THAT BICYCLE
RUN A MOTOR CYCLE
HAVE A BETTER HOLIDAY THIS YEAR
PAY YOUR CLUB Subscription
BUY NEW Clothes—Shoes-Hats Hose-etc.

PRICE 6D ONLY A CIGARETTE FACTORY IN EVERY POCKET

NOTE HANDSOME WALNUT FINISH
COMPRISES
BOX WITH TOBACCO COMPARTMENT
JIFFY CADET SELF-LOCKING CIGARETTE MACHINE
PACKET OF RIZLA CIGARETTE PAPERS
SUPPLY OF FILTER TIPS
40 A 1D
CARTON OF 120...3D

Capable of saving nearly £10 per year on a Cigarette Smoker's Bill.

ABSOLUTELY NO SKILL REQUIRED

PERFECT CIGARETTES AT THE FIRST ATTEMPT

Note the importance of the RIZLA JIFFY FILTER TIPS!

Each tip is nearly a quarter of a cigarette in length, and takes the place of tobacco in the butt. Thus 40 tips save enough tobacco to make nearly 10 extra cigarettes—at a cost of ONE PENNY ONLY. *Furthermore* they prevent shreds of tobacco entering the mouth, filter the smoke, and protect the throat against dangerous irritants, nicotine, etc.

LETTERS OF SATISFACTION

GLASGOW. 5th March, 1934.

"I have just purchased one of your Jiffy Cadet Rolling Machines and I am delighted with the result. I can now have a delightful smoke (thick or thin) and the Filter certainly saves me a sore throat and a splendid saving on Tobacco. May I add the instructions are so complete that a child could produce a perfect cigarette with the Jiffy Cadet Machine."

(Signed) N.W.

LONDON, S.W.18. 12th March, 1934.

"The Jiffy machine has been saving me between three and four shillings a week and at the same time I have been enjoying cigarettes that would cost at least 8/- a 100 as against the 4/8 a hundred that I used to smoke. Wishing your firm and its remarkably fine products every success, which it certainly deserves."

(Signed) R.A.B.

BIRMINGHAM. 24th February, 1934.

"May I offer my sincere congratulations on your wonderful little cigarette machine. I have been amazed at the wonderful results it gives and I thank you for the great saving the machine has made possible for me."

(Signed) E.J.C.

LONDON, E.6. 17th January, 1934.

"As a purchaser and user of the Rizla Compact may I congratulate you. It is a splendid attempt to lessen the cost of smoking without the sacrifice of smoking poorly made cigarettes. All success to your efforts."

(Signed) W.J.O.R.

BLACKBURN. 25th March, 1934.

"The Filter Tips are an idea! No one can realize the saving of tobacco until they use them. The papers are better than any I have tried. What a boon it is to save 2/6 a week on cigarettes—it pays for our annual holiday for two. Wishing you every success in your efforts to lessen the bill of cigarette smokers."

(Signed) F.C.

BELFAST. 19th February, 1934.

"Your Rizla Jiffy Machine is a perfect marvel, so simple, yet most effective. I never before realized that such perfect cigarettes could be made. I was always troubled with smoker's cough, but this affliction has entirely disappeared since I became a regular user of your Filter Tips. I should not think of smoking a cigarette without the little health protector. Please accept my sincere thanks for converting me into making my own cigarettes and for the new delight in smoking which your products have ensured me."

(Signed) J.M.B.

LONDON, S.W.11. 20th January, 1934.

"I thought it might interest you to know that using one of your machines I made 42 full sized perfect cigarettes in less than 15 minutes out of 1 oz. of Tobacco. This can be vouched for by Mr. H. B., Wholesale Tobacco Merchant, Battersea, who still has the cigarettes for advertising purposes. I have had all kinds of cigarette machines in my time and have paid as much as 7/6 for one, but none of them have come anywhere near the Jiffy Cadet for economy and efficiency.

(Signed) A.L.B.

GET YOUR COMPACT TO-DAY

Demand RIZLA Papers and Tips

Firmly refuse all imitations

Nearly every tobacconist in the country has a supply—only in the case of difficulty send P.O. for 8d. to RIZLA CIGARETTE PAPERS, Dept. J.B., Rizla House, 132, Great Portland Street, W.1.

(This offer applies to Great Britain and Ireland only)

Kensington Advertising Service Limited

Hannen Swaffer's

Open Letter to Sir Lawrence CHUBB

You help to make England Ours

DEAR SIR LAWRENCE,—They used to talk of "village Hampdens," unknown men who, in out-of-the-way villages, made themselves objectionable for a minute or o, enjoyed, or endured, a little passing otoriety, and then passed into obscurity ain.

Their names are not recorded in story. Nobody thought much of them. deed, they were regarded more or less a public nuisance. Every now and en one of them pulled down a fence removed a sign, "Trespassers Will Be rosecuted."

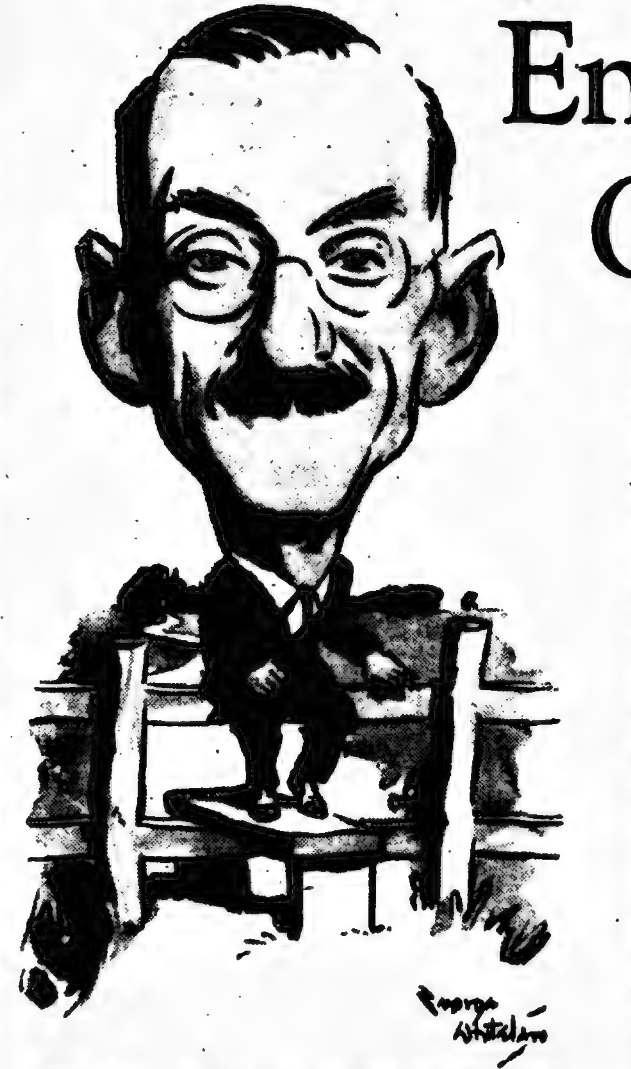
It may seem to most people a very ivial thing. But because of the unecognised work they did, countless thouands of acres were saved for the public, e rapacity of landowners was checked, ridle paths remained open to pedesrians, and many minor liberties of the ritish people were preserved.

You, in recent years, have become the rganiser of the Commons, Open Spaces nd Footpaths Preservation Society. ad it been in existence a century ago undreds of thousands of acres of comon land would have been preserved for he people, land which to-day is rearded as the possession of private landrds whose theft was legalised by a arliament which, in those days, was lmost entirely controlled by landlords d their hirelings.

The landlord, in most villages, could what he liked If he saw a nice piece common, he gradually enclosed it. e villagers who were his tenants were o cowardly to protest. He started to ect a fence. Gradually, he enclosed ore and more land which, for cenries, had been regarded as public operty.

Who was to stop him? If some poor llager objected, he was thrown out of s home.

When, to-day, we bow down to some oud title, to which is attached the wnership of vast estates, we usually rget that those large estates often conist partly of land that once was a ublic common.



Whenever, on the London commons, for instance, I see houses, I wonder how they got there. It is impossible to believe that it was the first owner of the land on which the houses are built who gave the surrounding property to the people.

Surely the reverse is true—that once it was all common land and that someone merely fenced it in?

Londoners seldom realise, when they hear of the beauties of some Scottish mountain, that no one is allowed to walk to the top, because of the all-powerful might of some Scottish duke who now owns it.

Many of the greatest beauty spots in Britain are barred to the public merely because, centuries ago, some local boss used his power.

Well, now your society is in existence to check that sort of thing from going on. Had there been in existence, a century ago, some man like yourself devoted to the public's service, oh, what a different England it would be!

There are still in this country about 1,600,000 acres of commons. Some of them are in the wildest and most attractive districts. Now, you preserve them. But heavens, even to-day, you have a job. There are about 300,000 public footpaths still left in England. But many of them have to be watched or else a notice, "Trespassers Will Be Prosecuted" might soon go up.

We have all laughed at the story of the tramp and the earl—the earl who found a tramp sleeping on his land, a tramp to whom he said, "This is my land."

"Where did you get it?" asked the tramp.

"It descended to me from my ancestors," boasted the aristocratic owner.

"How did they get it?" asked the tramp.

"They fought for it," explained the earl.

"Well, then," replied the tramp, "I'll fight you for it." It sounds very silly, doesn't it? But it contains a great deal of commonsense.

When hiking became a craze, a few years back, young people who wanted to go out into the country with their knapsacks on their backs and discover the beauties of England found opposition everywhere.

True, they may have made a nuisance of themselves, here and there. On the other hand, the new craze for hiking made a public question, all over again, of the "right of way."

That fight is still going on. It is a fight between all the people who love beauty and who desire to hand down what beauty remains to the people who are to come after them, and the people who, regardless of beauty, merely seek to make a profit out of land, who say, when they see a nice field, "Oh, what a lovely site on which to put up a cheap house for which I can charge a high rent."

You are pleading for national parks. Heavens, how we need them! Great estates, because of economic pressure, are now being broken up. The nation should buy the beauty spots of England and keep them safe.

Much is being done, in a voluntary way, largely because of you and your society. But that is not enough.

There are large areas of glorious scenery in Britain worthy of preservation from danger and disfigurement. You point out that there are 220,000 acres of common land in the Lake District which should be put under public control without interfering with the rights of anyone, and thus become the basis of a national park scheme.

There are, in Africa, national parks for wild animals. We want, in England, national parks for civilised citizens.

I remember the fight of preserve Box Hill from disfigurement. Every few months there is a new row about some beauty spot that is in danger. Usually, some private benefactor has to come forward to save it.

Go on with your work of education! Go on fighting for whatever beauties we have still left to us!

Industry is moving from the North to the South. Unless we are careful, now that town-planning has been killed, Surrey may one day become as ugly as Lancashire And who cares?

Well, you do. I do. So do most of my readers.

CANDID COMMUNICATIONS

ANON G. N. TREDENNICK,
rmingham

REVEREND SIR,—"Speaking as a Chrisan minister," you say that some people ught to be shot at sight. They are the eople who think a soldier ought to lay own his arms when told to lay down s life for his country.

I prefer to believe that the penalty for eflecting a soldier from his duty is eavy enough. Your method suggests n unchristian savagery.

To say that war is against the teachngs of Christ, you add, is an unbalanced nd misleading statement. That makes e wonder if you've forgotten your aster's teachings.

JOHN BULL.

r. ERNEST J. LOCKE,
anager, Tideswell Gasworks

DEAR SIR,—Time and time again you imbed almost to the top of a red-hot tort in a vain effort to save one of ur workmen who was burnt beyond ecognition. In the end it was the deadly mes alone that beat you.

I bet the whole of your staff is proud you.

JOHN BULL.

r. J. KELLY,
inton Urban Council

DEAR SIR,—Wasn't it rather churlish you to object to the uniform of some oy Scouts who had been invited to ur council meeting for educational urposes?

No doubt you feel, like most of us, at the craze for dressing up is being verdone by our political cranks.

But that doesn't excuse your offensive attitude towards a movement that has conferred great benefits upon the youth of this and nearly every other country.

JOHN BULL.

HULL P.A.C.: Poor old people under your care depressed at going for "joy-rides" in hearse. No wonder—either your sense of humour or sense of decency is wrong.—JOHN BULL.

REV. GEO. GARRETT,
Ryde

SIR,—They fined you £5 at Ryde for striking an eleven-year-old boy in the face with a boxing-glove and hitting his head with an air-pistol, the assault being committed after the youngster had picked up a football at a club he was visiting at your invitation.

Peculiar behaviour yours, for a cleric; and the Bench gave its opinion that you are unfit to run a club. Yes, have the decency to retire from it!

JOHN BULL.

GEORGE MORGAN,
Edmonton

BRUTE,—You are a pretty poor specimen of a father. Having picked up your three-year-old kiddie and thrown it down on the pavement, you declared that you could do what you liked with your own child.

A crowd assailed you and it needed police intervention to save you.

I almost wish the police had kept out of it.

JOHN BULL.

COUNCILLOR RICHARDS,
Barnsley P.A.C.

DEAR COUNCILLOR,—During the selection of a 55s. temporary clerk, you objected to the short list of candidates. You said the work required a man with no politics.

You know very well that such a man would be difficult to find in these days when men take their citizenship seriously.

I don't say I suspect you of meaning that the work requires a man with the same politics as yourself, but I am glad that the committee sat on you.

JOHN BULL.

SIR HUGH O'NEILL, M.P.,
House of Commons

DEAR SIR,—"The art of obstruction is one of the main things upon which Parliament rests," you say.

Parliament certainly rests and is renowned for its cleverness in obstruction. We all know that.

But I regard it as a poor excuse for the breaking-up of a committee considering an important Bill. I hope you are not proud of it.

JOHN BULL.

Mr. RHYS JONES,
Tonypandy

DEAR SIR,—For twenty-two years you have been captain of a colliery rescue brigade. Those who know how often you risked your life will wish you, as I do, many happy years of retirement.

When a boy, you were often called on to act as a "pillow" on a stretcher to the injured.

Your lifetime of aid to your fellow-workers, in one form or another, amply deserves the presentation that has just been made to you.

JOHN BULL.

Mr. A. P. HERBERT,
Oldbury, Worcs

DEAR SIR,—I can understand your hatred of the Means Test, but I think you are wrong to refuse to attend meetings of the public assistance committee.

Many of your colleagues probably dislike it quite as much as you do. But if they adopted your attitude it would go hard with the unfortunate applicants for relief, having not one sympathetic voice to plead for them.

Have you thought of that?

JOHN BULL.

THE COUNCILLORS,
Auchterarder, Perth

SKINFLINTS,—When a woman died at night in the local poorhouse, the inquest jury found that the sick ward was understaffed.

It was. One solitary nurse was responsible for the care of twenty-two patients —night and day!

You may hold yourselves guiltless of neglecting that poor old woman and the other patients, but I don't.

JOHN BULL.

DORIS and AMY BRANCH,
Wood Green, Middlesex

DEAR GIRLS,—For years, ever since your parents died, your elder sister Florence acted as "little mother" to you.

Now she has been killed at the age of twenty-two, and I must offer you my heartfelt sympathy.

I hope her memory will inspire you through whatever trials you may have to face in the future.

JOHN BULL.

BAD HEALTH NEARLY COST him his JOB

"I look forward to Monday mornings!" His new health makes work a pleasure—it would be hard to recognise Mr. Harding to-day as the nerve-ridden man of a month ago!

Mechanic who was On the Verge of Collapse

NERVES, HEADACHES, INSOMNIA

TO have to work 10 hours a day when Nerves made him nearly "jump out of his skin;" when Headaches hammered at his brain; when Insomnia made his nights a restless, aching torture. And—crowning blow of all—to have to face the tragic prospect of losing his job because of ill-health.

That was the terrible experience of Mr. George Harding, a motor mechanic, in the dramatic story we publish below. How eventually he found the remedy that ended his suffering—and how that remedy changed his life from one of weakness and misery to buoyant health, you can read for yourself.

Relief in Two Days

Here is Mr. Harding's letter, a sworn statement that will bring new hope to thousands of other nerve-racked sufferers.

"I am working under cars inside and outside the garage for anything up to 10 hours a day, and it is no joke when you feel that the next moment you will collapse. This is what I had to do about 2 months ago. I suffered from acute nerves, I would jump out of my skin at the slightest noise, I could not sleep at night and had such bad headaches that it felt as if my head was going to split open.

"It was then that I noticed an advertisement for Dr. Cassells Tablets and seeing that others had got relief, purchased some. The result was incredible; within two days I was feeling considerably better and after a week I was my old self again. I cannot thank you enough for what Dr. Cassells Tablets have done for me."—**(Signed) G. F. Harding, 5, St. Albans Place, Islington.**

ONLY THE NINETEEN INGREDIENTS COULD HAVE DONE IT!

Mr. Harding would be the first to agree that only Dr. Cassells Tablets with their 19 HEALTH INGREDIENTS, could have effected such a marvellous restoration. Mr. Harding's story is **your** proof. Cassells will restore DIGESTIVE powers, nourish starved NERVES, counteract WEAKNESS, build up new health and strength. Buy your bottle—**to-day**!—and accept our generous FAIR - PLAY OFFER.

FREE! **Send a postcard to the Veno Drug Co. Ltd., Manchester, 16, for the "Dr. Cassells Little Book of Health," obtainable free of charge.**

DR. CASSELLS BRAND TABLETS

"I know how to deal with a car breakdown, but when it comes to Health Breakdown—well, I leave that to Dr. Cassells Tablets!"

FAIR-PLAY OFFER

Simply secure from your Chemist a 1/3 bottle. If you are not entirely satisfied with your improved health, this amount will be instantly refunded by the Veno Drug Co. Ltd., Manchester, 16, on receipt of empty carton.

VENO

1/3 & 3/-

$$\int_0^{\omega} v^t \cdot {}_tp_{[x]} \cdot \mu_{[x]+t} \cdot dt$$

$$+$$

$$\cdot 2 \int_0^{n} v^{t+\frac{1}{2}} \cdot {}_tp_{[x]} \cdot \mu_{[x]+t} \cdot \bar{a}_{\overline{n-t|}}\, dt$$

$$=$$

$$\bar{A}_{[x]} + \cdot 2\, v^{\frac{1}{2}} \left(\bar{a}_{\overline{n|}} - \bar{a}_{[x]:\overline{n|}} \right)$$

This may mean nothing to you but it may mean everything to your family!

This actuarial formula symbolises the value of the guaranteed benefits of the "FAMILY FIRST" policy, by means of which you can provide for your dependents such benefits as these:—

In the event of your death within the first 20 years:

A CASH PAYMENT OF £500 WITH BONUSES
payable immediately

PLUS

AN INCOME OF £100 PER ANNUM

payable during the remainder of the first 20 years. Under present law this income would not be subject to Income Tax.

In the event of your death after 20 years:

A CASH PAYMENT OF £500 WITH BONUSES
payable immediately.

If desired it can be arranged for you to receive the cash payment of £500 with Bonuses should you survive the 20-year period.

Policies are issued for larger and smaller amounts.

Use the enquiry form provided.

PEARL ASSURANCE
COMPANY LIMITED

ENQUIRY FORM.

To the Joint Managing Directors,
PEARL ASSURANCE CO., LTD.,
High Holborn, London, W.C.1

Please supply full particulars of your "Family First" policy.

Name..............................
State Mr. or Mrs.

Address..............................

....

Age next birthday..............................

25 J.B.28-4-34.

Help Kidneys

Don't Take Drastic Drugs.

Your kidneys have nine million tiny tubes or filters which are endangered by neglect or drastic, irritating drugs. Beware! If Kidney trouble or Bladder weakness makes you suffer from Getting Up Nights, Leg Pains, Nervousness, Dizziness, Stiffness, Rheumatism, Lumbago, Neuralgia, Burning, Itching, Smarting, Acidity or Loss of Vigour, don't waste a minute. Try the Doctor's safe, pure prescription called Cystex. Specially prepared to soothe, tone, clean and heal raw, sore Kidneys. Cystex starts work in 15 minutes. Brings new health, youth and vitality in 48 hours. Cystex is guaranteed to cure you or money back. Only 3/- from Boots, Taylors, Timothy White's and all chemists, or Williams, 51R, Lamb's Conduit-st., W.C.1.

INFERIORITY COMPLEX

write for **FREE BOOK**

is a disturbance in the subconscious mind (originating in some emotional experience or destructive influence during the course of your personality development) which manifests itself in self-consciousness, worry, lack of confidence, nervousness, "nervyness," unsociability, depression, sense of futility, lassitude, inefficiency, habits. You can eradicate their cause simply and inexpensively, in the privacy of your own home.

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*Please send me **FREE BOOK** "I can......and I will"*

Name..............................

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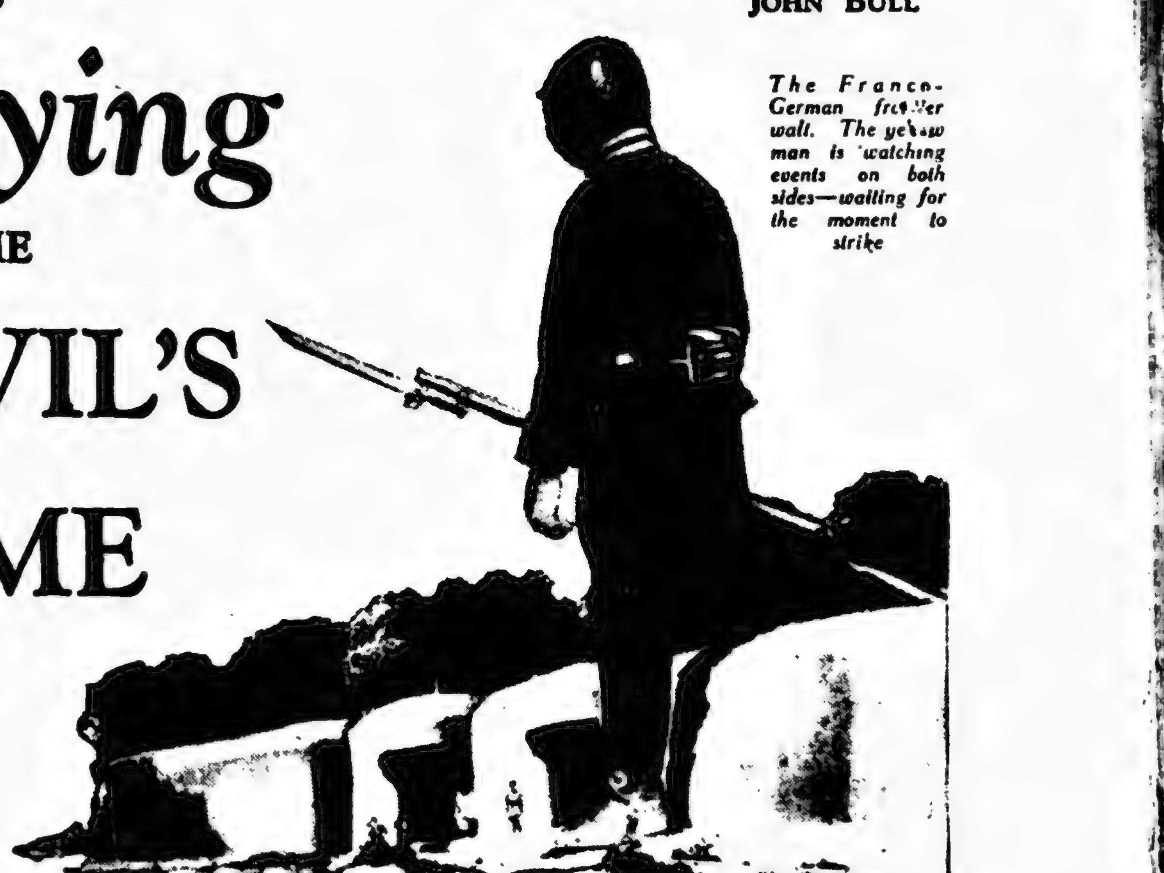
Playing THE DEVIL'S GAME



The Franco-German frontier wall. The yellow man is watching events on both sides—waiting for the moment to strike

by A. G. Gardiner

THE explosion of two major bombshells on one day is unusual even in these nerve-racking times. We had that experience when, on the same morning last week, France launched its latest torpedo against disarmament and Japan cried "Hands off China!" to Europe and America alike.

The two events are not unrelated, and if we want to appreciate the full meaning of either we must see both in the same perspective.

The break-up of Europe and the formidable emergence of Japan are in the nature of cause and effect. Unless we realise that, we are blind to the deep significance of what is happening in the world.

The struggle that is taking place is not, primarily, whether France or Germany shall be top-dog in Europe. That is only the superficial issue. Behind it looms the much bigger question whether the White civilisation, which has been the creator of the modern world, is to be snuffed out and superseded by a Yellow civilisation.

That that will happen if Europe collapses into another war is no alarmist fancy, but the plainest "writing on the wall" that facts can pen. The last World War was lost by Europe (and America) and was won by Japan. The next will complete the suicide of Europe and finally establish the world supremacy of Japan.

On the brink

Unless European statesmanship can grasp the fact that European civilisation lives or perishes as a whole there is no escape from the impending catastrophe. And at present the fact is not grasped. We stand helplessly by while the wretched Franco-German quarrel which has bedevilled Europe for generations drags us all inch by inch to the brink of the abyss of another war in which we shall all be sacrificed.

With the blundering French note of last Thursday we are back again to the worst phase of the quarrel, and the outlook is as black as it was on the day that Germany flounced out of Geneva last autumn. Which of the two countries is the greater criminal it is difficult to say. Each in turn plays the devil's game.

If a breath of sanity descends upon France, there is immediately a fit of madness in Germany to put it out. And if Germany is reasonable, France seizes the opportunity to turn the screw upon her and rouse all the worst elements in her.

We all loathe and distrust the Germany that Hitler and Goering have brought into being, but it is only fair to remember that it was France which made Hitler triumphant. There could have been a settlement with Germany any time during the first dozen years after the war but for the accursed policy of Poincaré which aimed at keeping unarmed Germany ringed round with bayonets for ever and ever. It was that stupendous folly that destroyed the Stresemanns and Bruenings and restored the spirit of Prussianism to power.

It is not pleasant to have to yield to a Germany we do not like much more than would have satisfied the Germany that we could have trusted; but we have to pay the penalty of our own follies.

Germany demands equality of status in armaments. We and France admitted that principle as long ago as December, 1932. But since then nothing has been done to ratify it and implement it. Nothing has been done to fulfil the undertaking at Versailles in 1919 that the disarmament of Germany should be a preliminary to the disarmament of the other Powers.

The Disarmament Conference has been more or less continuously in session for eighteen months and achieved just nothing but infinite talk.

What is the result? Germany has gone out of the Disarmament Conference and out of the League of Nations. She has taken the bit between her teeth and begun re-arming in defiance of the Versailles Treaty. It is a lamentable fact, but it is a fact France cannot reasonably complain of, for she has invited it.

Which way?

And it is a fact that we have to swallow, whether we like it or not. Nothing but a preventive war, which no one could dare enter on, could stop Germany arming, and the only question is, whether she shall arm under an agreement with the armed Powers or in complete antagonism to them. In the one case her armaments would be controlled and under strict and impartial supervision. In the other, they would be unrestricted and competitive and would lead straight to war.

It is admitted that Germany has armed herself beyond the terms of the Versailles Treaty, but it is not admitted that she has armed herself with offensive weapons as opposed to defensive weapons, and she has accepted, with reservations, the British plan of January by which she would remain on an inferior scale for five years, after which numerical equality with her neighbours would be established.

French torpedo

Most important of all, she is ready to accept the principle of international investigation, which is vital to any agreement that can restore confidence and good faith between the Powers.

But at this critical moment she has, with her customary clumsiness, announced formidable increases in her armaments expenditure. It is a disquieting fact, which the explanations she has offered to the British Government have not wholly explained.

They do not, however, justify the abrupt and unexpected action of France in torpedoing the negotiations that have been going on—including those with the British Government on the subject of "guarantees"—and insisting that the whole business should go back to the Disarmament Conference, with or without the presence of Germany. Accompanying this is an implicit refusal to recognise German rearmament, a decision which, if persisted in, would put an end to all hopes of a Convention.

It is probable that this unfortunate outburst is partly due to the internal convulsions in France over the Stavisky scandal, which has brought all the Jingo elements to the fore. But it is none the less dangerous on that account.

The emergency calls for firm and strong action by this country. To resume the Disarmament Conference in a frame of mind which would make the breach with Germany final would be fatal. We must have a Convention which Germany can accept, and which, if she rejected, would put on her the onus of failure.

It is idle, on the one hand, to forbid Germany to rearm, and on the other to hope for disarmament by the armed Powers. But it is still possible to limit arms at the present level all round, and so prevent a race in competitive armaments.

Japan will come . . .

If a Convention on this plan is reached, coupled with guarantees for its execution that will satisfy France, and backed with the weapon of international supervision which will report any breach of the Convention by anyone, the peril that confronts Europe may yet be stayed.

It will help Germans and French alike to be reasonable if they remember that, whoever might be the nominal victor, another European war would end European civilisation. The new and audacious declaration by Japan of a Monroe doctrine for China is the measure of the fall of European prestige in the world as the result of the war and the disintegration of the European system.

However that declaration may be explained away, it represents Japanese policy. That country is embarked on the greatest enterprise in history—the overlordship of Asia.

One world war and the breakdown of Europe will have brought her in sight of the accomplishment of that adventure. Another world war would have Europe in the dust and Japan mistress of the world.

Not from the B.B.C.—Sir Hilton Young, Minister of Health, on—

As You Hike It

IN a dim and distant epoch
Jacko set to work to plan—
Like an ape more wise than vicious,
Though deplorably ambitious—
So he might become a man.

Snobbishly, he yearned to figure
Higher in the social scale;
So he left off throwing missiles,
Year by year shaved close his bristles,
Gradually lost his tail.

In the course of many ages
A new creature he became;
With a tail-less female mated
And a species propagated—
Homo sapiens its name.

But his present-day descendants
Feel the old primeval urge
Of hereditary habits;
Though they seem as tame as rabbits,
That gorilla *will* emerge!

As I remarked in opening the Camping and Hiking Exhibition, hikers can talk about how they benefit from contact with Nature, but this is not why they are so ready to acquire corns and consort with midges.

The true explanation, I solemnly announced, is that "deep down in the breast of every man and woman there is still the insurgent gorilla," and we are not quite happy "unless we can, every now and then, give the gorilla a run."

The Darwinian theory, I know, has many opponents; but for the observant citizen scarcely a day passes without providing fresh evidence of its truth.

As I wish to avoid personalities, I shall not draw attention to the facial characteristics of public men like Mr. —— and Sir ——. But anybody who has listened to the chatter of a committee of women discussing the details of a bazaar, or has heard the deep-throated bay of an alderman robbed of his turtle soup, will know at once what I mean.

Scientists talk of the "missing link," but the plain fact is that the link isn't missing. For long periods it is temporarily mislaid, and it is during these periods that we masquerade as taxpayers, householders and even Cabinet Ministers.

But the mislaid link soon comes to light again, with the result that we slip our collars, cut our pants in half and, as hikers, try to revert to the habits of our respected ancestor, Jacko.

And what is it, I ask, compensates hikers for the discomforts of their strange pursuit? As I so sapiently pointed out in my speech: "What they really enjoy in camp is the opportunity it gives them to be completely dirty."

The shopman, labourer or clerk,
The nursemaids who frequent the park,
The boys who brood o'er thrillers,
And coves who deal in stocks and shares,
Though known as "stags" and "bulls"
and "bears,"
Are, one and all, gorillas!

Gorilla instincts still confuse
Poor Cecil, and his patent shoes
Can't hide the ape in Bertie!
When calls the Wild, they go on tramp
And know once more, when in their camp,
The joy of being dirty!

I, as a Minister of Health,
Intent on doing good by stealth,
No harmless joy will slaughter;
And, so that campers shan't demean
Their truer selves by keeping clean,
I keep them short of water!

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BEHIND the recent death of the Honourable Mrs. Penelope Magdalene Bovill, daughter of the late Lord Basing, who lived for some years in Hans Place, Chelsea, London, lies an astounding story.

In many of its phases it recalls the sensational tales of diplomatic intrigues and secret service romances of William Le Queux.

The Hon. Mrs. Bovill was a capable orator, who figured conspicuously at public meetings of a sensational character. She "took the chair" at anti-Communist functions, which were held, with regularity for years, not only in London, but in every important town and city of the provinces.

Her sincerity could never for one moment be doubted.

In her well-meaning efforts she made frequent reports to Scotland Yard, but the information she had spent so much to gather invariably proved worthless.

On her death, a few weeks ago, certain facts of a grave character came into our possession, which called for immediate investigation.

There is no doubt that for years she believed that she was really performing a great public and social work in counteracting all kinds of mythical Communistic plots and unfounded foreign intrigues which supposedly threatened this country.

The truth, as we shall reveal, is that this well-intentioned and public-spirited woman was doing nothing of the sort.

The Hon. Mrs. Bovill presided over a confidential movement which she called the Anti-Communist Secret Service.

Romantic rescue

Her foremost lieutenant, for the last en years at least, has been a certain aptain W. J. G. Child; who has been ariously described as a D.S.O. and IC., and who has resided for years in fine old mansion, "Upcott Avenel," anding in many acres of land, through hich a salmon stream runs.

"Upcott Avenel" is in the heart of n isolated but beautiful part of lorious Devon, at the end of a country ne in the village of Black Torrington, me seventeen miles from Okehampton.

The last will and testament, which was ecently published, of the Honourable Mrs. Bovill contains some astounding eferences to Captain Child.

It describes him as her honoured iend and colleague.

It refers to the great work for umanity which she and Child have for ears carried out in close collaboration "difficult and dangerous work for the overnment Secret Service."

It describes the Captain in almost doring terms, and draws special attenon to an occasion when he saved her fe—a life which, through the perilous ork they were doing, was constantly reatened.

Captain Child, who Mrs. Bovill beeved was engaged in a high position n the Secret Service, was, according to er, specially detailed by "The Chief" —who, it now transpires, is a mythical gure—to protect and aid her in her azardous missions.

And, in order that Captain Child should be able to carry on his difficult and dangerous duties, and preserve this country from the countless enemies who are working to undermine it, she directed that "all his letters, *hundreds of them*, together with those of *other colleagues of his*, be returned to him" . . . and that, in addition, he should regain possession of numerous "daggers, guns, bullets, etc., taken from captives."

Actually, it was only under the force of the amazing reports about espionage, which she received from Captain Child and others, that she allowed herself to be carried away.

She actually believed that she was being dogged by the Soviet Ogpu, and that her life was constantly menaced.

Members of her distinguished family have been gravely anxious about her for years, and it is within our knowledge that complaints about some of the people who were working with her have been lodged with Scotland Yard.

When her will was published, with some of the dramatic references to Captain Child, it is not surprising that a number of Pressmen were instructed to obtain his views about his association with Mrs. Bovill.

For the most part Captain Child was strangely silent.

He denied any close co-operation with her in any secret detective work, and said that he had no knowledge whatever of having saved her life.

The only work he carried out with her was, he said, in connection with "Red" Sunday-schools. He accompanied her on a provincial campaign to collect evidence for a proposed Bill to render the teaching of sedition to children a criminal offence.

Incidentally, this project cost Mrs. Bovill much unnecessary money, and came—as it was doomed to do—to nothing.

Fortune spent

In the work which Mrs. Bovill supported with misapplied enthusiasm she spent thousands of pounds.

We can disclose that, during the few years she was associated with Captain Child she spent something like £25,000 in the cause.

She actually believed that she would one day be honoured by the King for her great work so courageously performed in the face of danger for the Secret Service.

As to the existence of the "hundreds of letters," and the daggers, guns and bullets, Captain Child swore to reporters that he knew nothing about them.

After preliminary investigation, which yielded information of an astonishing character, our Special Investigator decided to pay a surprise visit to "Upcott Avenel."

Unshaven, and clad in pyjamas, Captain Child himself opened the door in response to our representative's mid-morning ring.

It is significant that until recently five personal servants were employed at the mansion, but all were suddenly dispensed with, simultaneously with the announcement of Mrs. Bovill's death.

The reason for this is not far to seek —Captain Child's funds have been seriously depleted. One of his sources of revenue—which for years has come from Mrs. Bovill's purse—has now come to an abrupt end.

Astonishing confessions

The Captain was obviously disturbed when he discovered the identity of his unexpected visitor.

At first he maintained the accuracy of his published statements that the references to him in her will were mostly without foundation and still completely mystified him.

When reminded that Mrs. Bovill had left behind a 60,000-word manuscript, and countless other documents, detailing their association, he made a number of astounding admissions:

"Upcott Avenel," though rented in his name, was really the country seat of the Hon. Mrs. Bovill. She resided there with Captain Child and family for years, and footed the major portion of the cost.

So often was she seen in Child's company that she was regarded everywhere locally as his aunt—in fact, by a slip of the tongue, he himself on one occasion referred to her as "Auntie," and then, realising the effect this had upon his visitor, immediately begged the latter to "keep this to himself"!

Our representative next reminded Captain Child that Mrs. Bovill's belief in him as a "secret service" agent was so implicit that she had actually been known to call at Scotland Yard, hoping to find him "in."

During the interview he spoke most slightingly about the deceased lady, whom he, amongst other expressions, characterised most ungraciously as "spy mad."

He agreed that the Hon. Mrs. Bovill took "Upcott Avenel" in his name, and regarded him as her chief of staff in their mythical "secret service" work. But he denied all existence of "The Chief," who, he said, existed only in "Auntie's" imagination.

But it is recorded in some lengthy documents and letters which she left behind that he had made air trips to Continental cities to confer with "The Chief" about such matters as the capture of spies and foreign agents.

In stories she constantly told friends about him, and in manuscripts she had written, she talked admiringly of some of his alleged coups.

On one occasion she revealed that, with her financial assistance, he had unearthed a plot hatched by agents of a foreign Power to assassinate the King!

She also told how he had, single-handed, captured three men, had them secretly shot, and dumped their bodies into the sea at Appledore!

How, too, he had shown her a seared and torn lapel of an old jacket, and described graphically how he had been fired at during one of his espionage tours. He pointed to the marks as evidence of the affray, and added that he had had a hairbreadth escape.

Collaboration!

It is not surprising that, since Mrs. Bovill died, Captain Child's financial affairs have become a source of growing anxiety He admitted frankly to our representative that he had found it necessary to dispose of his servants because he no longer had the means to pay them, and that he was also in debt.

He even went so far as to "collaborate" with Mrs. Bovill in a ridiculous book, which purported to reveal a chronicle of true facts of their supposed "discoveries."

Submarines, aeroplanes, deadly explosives, and hoards of rats infested with enough bacilli to destroy a thousand people, all feature in this monstrous piece of fiction, most of which has been written by this man, who, in the journalistic world, is well known as the author of children's stories!

We strongly advise Child to leave his "secret service" missions alone, and turn his undoubted talents to less spectacular and more honourable occupations—even though he may find them less profitable

Avalanche

TROUBLES never come singly, according to the old adage. In fact, one seems to beget another.

Just as a runaway boulder down a mountain side will set another moving, so one worry will bring another in its train, until what appears to be a landslide of misfortune results.

A Yorkshire family had a depressing experience of the truth of this when the dyke that passes their home burst.

It was cold, miserable, filthy work baling out the water. Then it was heartbreaking to find that their snug home had become a damaged discoloured place that would be damp for weeks.

On top of that was the serious damage to their own personal property. It wasn't going to be easy to find the money to replace that.

And as if all that were not enough, four members of the family had to take to their beds with influenza.

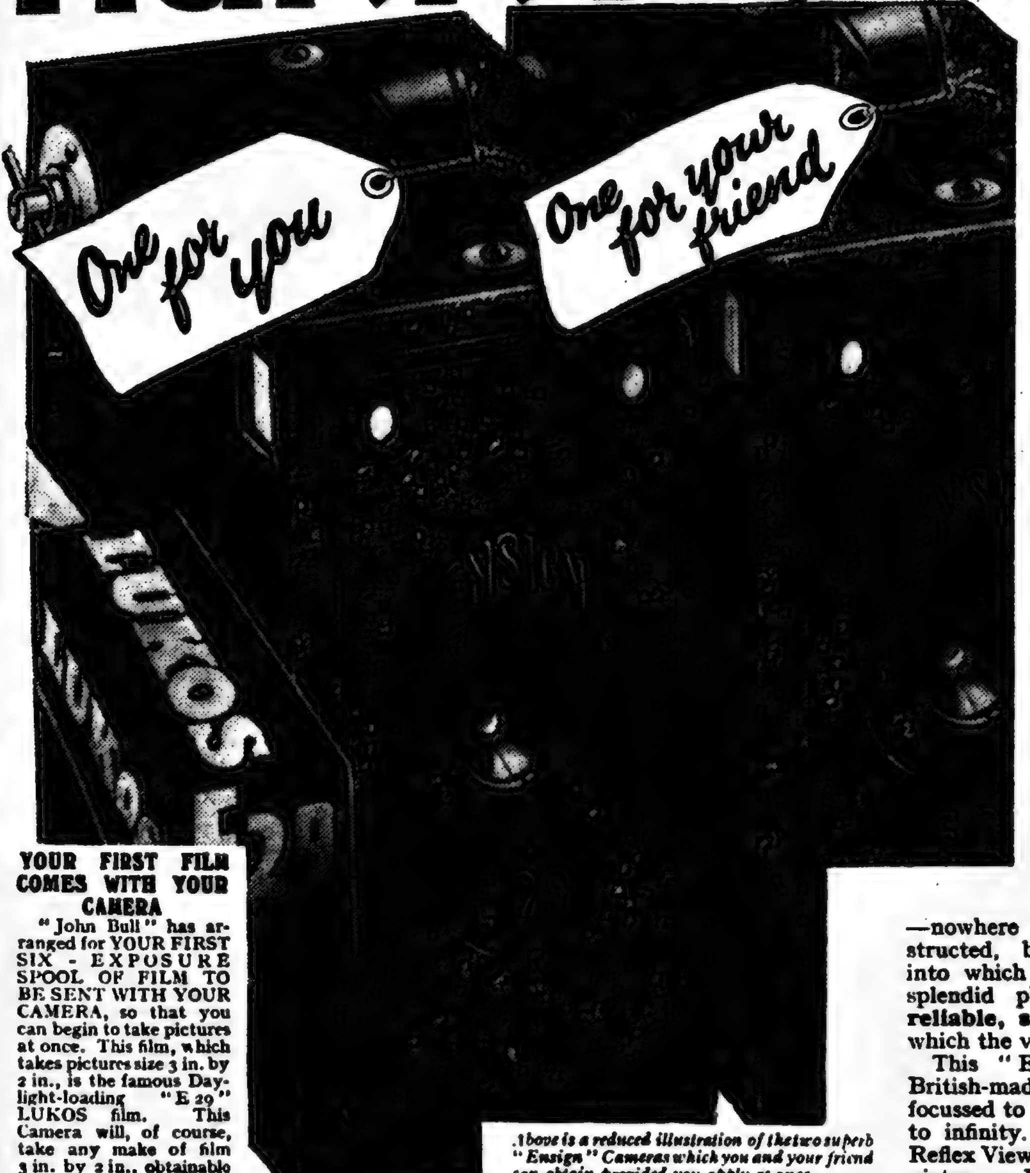
It looked like being the most cheerless time of their lives—until a cheque arrived which made certain that the task of replacing and renovating their furniture and household effects would not fall on them.

Such good news was it that it seemed to play a part in making them better.

The cheque was from JOHN BULL, sent because they had made *their* trouble *our* trouble by filling up a coupon at no cost whatever to themselves, and which you can sign before you read another word.

It's on page 2. Why not turn to it now?

HURRY FOR JOHN BULL'S GREAT CAMERA GIFT!



YOUR FIRST FILM COMES WITH YOUR CAMERA

"John Bull" has arranged for YOUR FIRST SIX - EXPOSURE SPOOL OF FILM TO BE SENT WITH YOUR CAMERA, so that you can begin to take pictures at once. This film, which takes pictures size 3 in. by 2 in., is the famous Daylight-loading "E 29" LUKOS film. This Camera will, of course, take any make of film 3 in. by 2 in., obtainable everywhere.

Above is a reduced illustration of the two superb "Ensign" Cameras which you and your friend can obtain provided you apply at once.

APPLY NOW ON FORMS BELOW

before it is too late!

NOW—while it is before you—accept "John Bull's" Great Camera Gift.

"John Bull" invites you to accept a superb 1934 "Ensign" Camera for yourself—and **one for your friend also.**

But you must get the Forms below filled in and posted at once. So many applications have been received that the supply of 100,000 "Ensign" Cameras specially set aside by "John Bull" for this stupendous Gift offer is rapidly becoming exhausted.

This beautiful "John Bull" Gift Camera **comes to you complete with film.** It is the very latest model—a real high-grade, British-made camera—nowhere else obtainable. Superbly constructed, beautifully finished—a camera into which is built one hundred years of splendid photographic experience—it is a **reliable, scientifically-made article** with which the veriest beginner can get results.

This "Ensign" Camera has a genuine, British-made lens of the rapid Meniscus type, focussed to give sparkling snaps from six feet to infinity. It has two large-size Optical Reflex Viewfinders, for vertical and horizontal pictures. Everything you see in the viewfinder comes out in the print—**inexpensive, trouble-free photography.** The wonderful "EVERSET ROTARY" shutter enables you to switch from "snap" to "time" exposures—you can thus photograph heavy detail and take beautiful pictures indoors.

The body of this "Ensign" Camera is strongly made. It is attractively covered with Black Morocco-grained Leatherette. It has a real leather carrying handle. All exterior fittings are nickel-plated or black.

TO SECURE YOUR GIFT

you are asked by "John Bull" to introduce one friend only who is **NOT** already a reader. All that your friend has to do is to give "John Bull" a trial for twelve weeks. In return, we will present **both to you and to your friend** a 1934 "Ensign" Camera. The only other thing we ask you to do is to make certain that the friend you introduce is a genuine new reader, i.e., one who has **NOT** purchased "John Bull" for the last three months.

So great is our faith in "John Bull" that we believe that those who, in the first place, are induced by our great offer to give "John Bull" a trial, will continue thereafter as regular readers.

As proof that both you and your friend have purchased "John Bull" for twelve weeks, you are **each** asked to cut out and affix twelve consecutive tokens from twelve successive issues of "John Bull" to the Gift Vouchers which will be sent to you upon receipt of the Forms below. Directly your own and your friend's Gift Vouchers are received by "John Bull" properly completed, you will **each** have despatched to you an "Ensign" Camera, complete with a "LUKOS" Film—so that your camera is ready for use the moment it is unpacked. **That is all.** There are no hidden conditions. There is nothing more to do. There is nothing more for you and your friend to pay other than 2/6 each, which includes postage, packing in carton, insurance, etc.; and the Film packed inside each camera.

Act NOW. All applications from this announcement must be received by NOT later than Saturday, May 12. First read the simple "How to qualify" directions on the left. Then take the first step towards securing your Camera—get the Reservation Forms below filled in and posted to-day.

On receipt of the Forms below, properly completed, "John Bull" will send you two Gift Vouchers on which both you and your friend may qualify for your Gift Cameras. At the same time, two Gift Cameras will be specially reserved—one in your own name and the other in the name of your friend. **REMEMBER, the supply of these "Ensign" Cameras is strictly limited. Apply at once.**

HOW TO QUALIFY

It is important that these Rules should be read by both the "John Bull" reader and the friend who is introduced.

Simple Rules The object of this scheme is to obtain bona-fide new readers for "John Bull." If it should be found, upon verification, that any person introduced as a new reader is already a reader, both applicants will be disqualified. A new reader shall be held to be a person who has NOT purchased "John Bull" for the past three months. An "Ensign" Camera will NOT be awarded unless applied for on an Official Voucher. Vouchers are sent to approved applicants (one for you and one for your friend) upon receipt of the Reservation Forms and Label. Each applicant must complete his or her own Voucher by affixing to it twelve consecutively numbered tokens cut from 12 successive current weekly issues of "John Bull." Tokens eligible for this offer are Series "A" and they appear every week only in the RIGHT HAND bottom corner of the back cover of "John Bull." Applicants from this announcement should start with Token No. A 73 from this week's issue, or subsequently, but no tokens prior to A 71 and no other series of tokens will be accepted under this scheme. When the two Vouchers are completed—that is, AFTER the 12 weeks and NOT before—they must be sent in together to "John Bull" by the "John Bull" reader. Gift Cameras cannot be awarded in respect of Vouchers sent in separately. Each completed Voucher—your own and your friend's—must be accompanied by a Postal Order for 2/6 (Two Shillings and Sixpence), which includes the 6-exposure spool of E.29 "Lukos" 3 in. by 2 in. film, and the cost of postage, packing, insurance, etc., on the Cameras, which are despatched separately to your respective addresses. **There is nothing more to pay.** This offer is limited to the first 100,000 applicants. No person may qualify for more than one Gift Camera and no Camera will be awarded to more than one member of the same family living at the same address. Each applicant who is qualifying for a Camera must see that his or her newsagent holds a written order for the regular and uninterrupted delivery of "John Bull." Copies of "John Bull" must be paid for in the ordinary way. This offer applies only to persons residing in Great Britain, Northern Ireland and the Irish Free State. N.B.—Applicants from the Irish Free State will be required to pay any duty that may be chargeable.

CUT AROUND DOTTED LINE. DO NOT SEPARATE FORMS.

IMPORTANT! Do not separate these forms—post in an unsealed envelope bearing a halfpenny stamp. You MUST affix a halfpenny stamp to the label. Write clearly in BLOCK letters

Halfpenny stamp MUST be firmly affixed here by you.

Name....................

Full Postal Address....................

....

....

YOU FILL IN THIS FORM

Applications from this announcement must be received by NOT LATER than SAT., MAY 12.

YOUR FRIEND FILLS IN THIS FORM

RESERVATION FORM "A."

To be filled in by the reader of "John Bull" who is introducing a NEW READER.

The "John Bull" reader MUST complete label on left. Affix halfpenny stamp firmly to space provided—send in label with these Forms—give YOUR name and full postal address clearly in block letters.

To Dept. J.B.3, "JOHN BULL,"
3, Arne Street, London, W.C.2.

In accordance with your special offer, please reserve an "Ensign" Camera in my name in return for my introducing a friend as a new reader. My friend has personally signed Form "B" and undertakes to give "John Bull" a trial for twelve consecutive weeks.

I have read and agree to abide by the rules governing this offer.

I certify that my friend is NOT at present a reader of "John Bull."

Please send me an Official Voucher on which to qualify for my "Ensign" Camera, together with a similar Voucher for me to hand on to my friend.

"John Bull" Reader's Signature....................

PLEASE WRITE CLEARLY BELOW IN BLOCK LETTERS.

NAME ....

ADDRESS ....

....

Date ....

Give below Name and Address of Newsagent holding your order for the regular delivery of "John Bull."

Newsagent's Name ....

Address....................

....

LEAVE BLANK
CHECKED

District Supervisor.

RESERVATION FORM "B."

This Form "B" MUST be filled in and signed PERSONALLY by the NEW READER—NOT by the "John Bull" reader.

Your special Gift offer was introduced by the "John Bull" reader who has filled in the Form "A." I certify that I am NOT a reader of "John Bull" and that I have NOT purchased "John Bull" for the past three months. I undertake to give "John Bull" a trial for twelve consecutive weeks.

In accordance with your special offer, please set aside and reserve an "Ensign" Camera in my name. Also please send me (through my friend) an Official Voucher on which to qualify. I have read and agree to abide by the rules governing this offer.

New Reader's Signature....................

PLEASE WRITE CLEARLY BELOW IN BLOCK LETTERS.

NAME....................

ADDRESS ....

....

Date....................

Give below Name and Address of your Newsagent to whom you have given or will give an order for the regular delivery of "John Bull."

Newsagent's Name....................

Address....................

....

LEAVE BLANK
CHECKED

District Supervisor.

"John Bull," 28-4-34.

Girl Doomed *for* Life

Scandalous Sequel to Factory Affliction

HOW incomprehensible it all is—the way in which Fate weights the scales against some individuals.

The cases which come to the notice of JOHN BULL prove that assertion time and time again—cases of people caught in the web of circumstance, sufferers through no fault of their own, and victims of a cruel chance.

"Why should it be?" What countless times that question must have been asked by people suddenly stricken by some unforeseen blow. "Why should it happen to me?"

And never an answer to be found..

In that territory of massed little houses which is East Ham, London, there lies towards the Thames-side end of the borough a dusty row of artisan homes named Brighton Road.

No. 73, Brighton Road, East Ham, is a cottage exactly the same as all its neighbours—outwardly, but inside it is different.

Victim of circumstance

For behind the neat curtains of that home sits a young woman, who looks into the Future of No Hope.

She should, by rights, be a normal, happy girl; her life filled with the interest of her age and sex; perhaps planning her marriage and painting a prospect in the brightest colours.

Instead, she is one of those trapped victims of circumstance.

Mark her name—Miss Gladys Croxford—for hers is a story that calls for unmeasured sympathy.

This young woman—she is under thirty years of age—has contracted a disease which is incurable. She is suffering acutely from what the medical profession has named "asbestosis"—that terrible condition of the lungs which affects workers in asbestos factories.

Her incapacity is entirely due to her former employment. Yet Miss Croxford can secure no compensation for her affliction, and for this reason:

When she contracted the complaint, asbestosis was not recognised as an industrial disease.

Now, however, it is so classed. Precautions are taken to safeguard the workers, and those affected in health by the danger of their occupation receive the compensation.

The grim irony which overshadows Miss Croxford is that she became ill *too soon*. The onset of her illness was only a short period before compensation was enforced for industrial asbestosis.

Above: A photograph of Gladys Croxford taken five years ago, before her tragic breakdown. On the right, in vivid contrast, is the same young woman to-day

She is supported solely by her widowed mother, who labours early hours and late to keep the home in existence and buy the special comforts which the condition of the daughter demands.

With devoted courage the mother carries on, although the growing years are telling on her strength; working, working for her daughter and voicing no complaints.

Indeed, the nearest whisper of discontent comes from the daughter, when she says: "If only I could have lasted out longer at my work then I should have had compensation for my illness, and I should not have been such a burden to mother."

For close on six years Gladys Croxford worked at an asbestos factory. Her hours were long; seven in the morning until six at night, with only two breaks, and her wages were 28s. a week.

She did not mind the tiring labour in the dust-laden atmosphere of the asbestos carding room, for the pay-packet meant a great deal at home.

"No cure known"

Gradually Miss Croxford developed a persistent cough and intolerable weariness in the limbs. Her eyes were always heavy with needed sleep.

Those symptoms were due to infection from breathing asbestos dust. The tissue of the lungs had been attacked by the infinitely small, cutting-edged particles of asbestos fabric.

In the end Miss Croxford collapsed. She was taken to the Victoria Park Hospital, London, and there the diagnosis was given by an eminent specialist—a diagnosis which took the sunlight from the sky for that poor girl.

"I am afraid I must tell you that you are suffering from asbestosis."

Since that day, four years ago, Miss Croxford has spent seven periods in hospital. She is so ill at the present time that she cannot do the lightest household task. She dare not even laugh—if she could find cause for laughter—for fear of the distressing pain tearing at her lungs.

The latest medical report she has received is: There is no cure that is at present known for this disease.

The Future of No Hope.

Various efforts have been tried to secure some assistance for Miss Croxford, but all without avail. Through the local Member of Parliament, the Home Office department which deals with the problems of industrial diseases was approached. But officialdom could do nothing.

Pity—that's all

Similarly, the former employers were solicited on her behalf, but again without result.

The negative answer to these appeals was, of course, unavoidable. Miss Croxford was just a victim of circumstance, and no one was responsible.

Pity in plenty she could have, but no money.

Now something as to the broader issues of this pathetic story. Miss Croxford is only one of the sufferers from this devastating disease of asbestosis in that area of East London.

There are many others who contracted their permanent disability a comparatively short while before the illness was scheduled for compensation.

When Miss Croxford was in hospital the medical officers were dealing with thirty-four similar cases. The London Hospital has had a number of asbestosis patients, and so also has the East Ham Chest Clinic.

All this suffering with no prospect of a cure, arising from an occupation!

The long-lasting peril of asbestosis was emphasised at a recent East London inquest on a woman aged forty-five years of age.

Evidence showed that the woman had worked in an asbestos factory for only six months *twenty-six years ago*, and yet, after that lapse of time, the accumulation of asbestos dust in the lungs caused her death.

It was stated before the coroner that asbestosis was only authenticated as a definite disease seven years ago. The danger of it was now fully recognised.

Workers in the asbestos industry to-day are protected against the peril of the deadly dust. Compensation is provided for them if they fall to the insidious attacks of the disease.

State must provide

Yet what of the workers whose health has been ruined and their very Lves endangered before the Home Office regulations were enacted?

JOHN BULL demands that they shall become the care of the State. It is imperative that provision should be made in money to mitigate their intolerable lot. They are the victims of circumstance. They are the innocent sufferers.

Immediate consideration by the appropriate Government Department should be given to providing adequate recompense for such tragic cases.

Homely Wisdom

By Canon R. J. Campbell, D.D.

The Unseen Presence

WITHIN the past twenty-four hours I have read two strongly contrasted testimonies about what helps us best in facing e problems of life. The one is a book ritten by a clever man, and the other a letter from a JOHN BULL reader.

The former is evidently very much in rnest about finding a remedy for the uddle into which modern civilisation s drifted. He quite rightly says that thing can be sillier or more unnecesry than that nations should be armed the teeth against each other or that illions of people should be living on e margin of starvation in every vilised country.

He points out that there need be no l scarcity anywhere, for science and vention have taught us how to produce enty for all our wants with less than lf the labour than was formerly reured. The real problem to be solved no: that of producing more, but that co-ordinating consumption with proction.

Most of us will agree with this view, ich is gradually being adopted by oughtful minds throughout the world. for human selfishness and moral blindness it would soon be a maxim of statesmanship, and the worst of our material troubles would disappear.

But there are other troubles that it could not cure, troubles of the inner man, broken hearts, lonely lives, love betrayed or lose interest. The Bible says of these: "The spirit of a man will sustain his infirmity; but a wounded spirit who can bear?"

Has the writer above mentioned any healing or consolation to suggest for this class of trouble equal to what he proposes for our economic troubles? He has not. All he can advise us to do is to steel ourselves to bear what cannot be avoided.

He does not seem to see that a remedy for our material afflictions would leave the world as unhappy as ever—indeed, could not be trusted to become operative at all—if we had nothing upon which to rely for the strengthening and sweetening of our inner life.

He tells us not to attempt to rely upon religion or music or enjoyment of the beauty of the natural world as a means of escape from the hardness of life. These are only drugs, he says, narcotics, something to delude us into believing that things are really better than they seem. At the best, too, these are but the refuge of the weak, never of the strong.

This is dreary counsel and false to the experience of thousands of persons who will read these words.

My JOHN BULL correspondent referred to in the opening paragraph is one of them. A working woman, she tells me about a doctor who had been good to her and who lately died of pneumonia. When she last saw him he was one of a little company singing:—

Be Thou my soul's Preserver, for Thou
alone dost know
How many are the perils through which
I have to go.

This man and her own father, who have lately passed away, were the two best men she has ever known and the most helpful to others.

What made them the men they were? Just simple faith in the truth in the two lines of the old hymn here quoted, the truth that there is an Unseen Presence that dwells with us and guides us along our earthly road. In good or ill our only sure companion is the living God.

The strongest characters of past or present are those who live consistently under His care.

What shall I try

Pouches and pipes are filled only after careful choice . . . . and the final choice is usually Player's "Digger," for it has the largest sale of any Tobacco in the country. So your problem is not so difficult —Fill your pouch with "Digger."

PLAYER'S
DIGGER 8D OZ
MIXTURE · FLAKE · SHAG

P.D.26.

"John Bull" Guarantee.

EVERY article advertised in "John Bull" carries with it a "money-back" guarantee. All foods, food products, toilet preparations, medicines and drugs, and other articles capable of a laboratory test, which have been approved by our experts, are marked— In the case of medicines and drugs we guarantee that if they are taken or applied according to the directions they will have no injurious effects.

Naturally this guarantee applies only to manufactured articles, but every care is taken to satisfy ourselves as to the bona fides of all advertisements in "John Bull." Any complaint must reach us within one month from the appearance of the advertisement in "John Bull," and in the case of dispute the decision of our Managing Director shall be final.

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GOLDSBORO' Charming Swagger Suit in super quality All Wool Tweed in a fashionable chevron weave. Coat is in the newest collarless style, with novel sleeves and patch pockets trimmed with neatly machine stitched raised seams. Lined with plain Art. Silk to tone. Plain 6-gore skirt of graceful cut, mounted on self material waistband. Brown/White; Nigger/Beige; Black/White. Sizes: S.S.W. to O.S. Busts 32 to 38in. Skirt Lengths: 30 to 36in. Price 32/6 Terms: 4/- Monthly.

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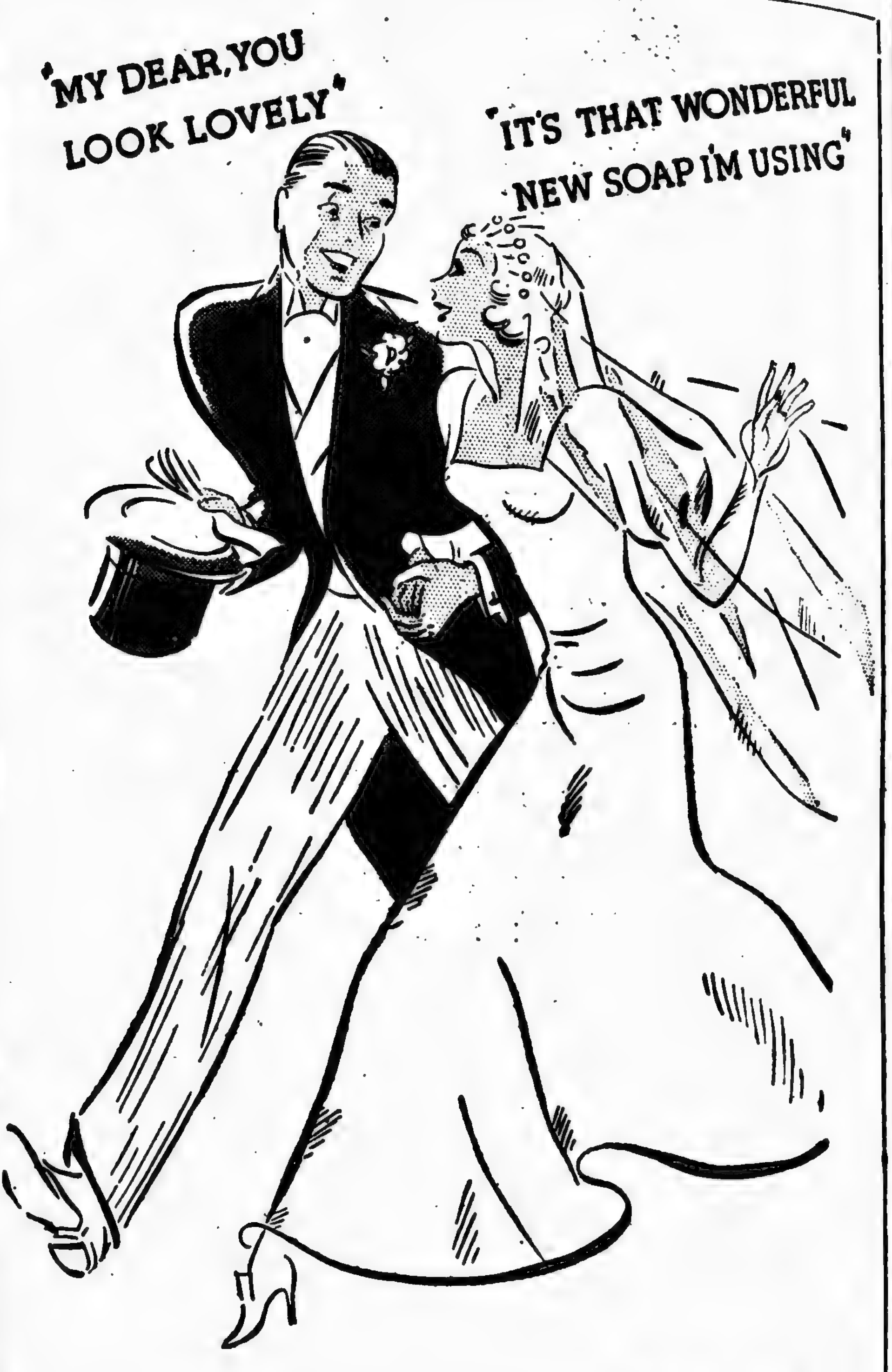
FEEL BETTER TO-MORROW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"IT'S THAT WONDERFUL NEW SOAP I'M USING"

... fragrant ... double wrapped
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You'll never believe the luxury of using Eve—until you've tried it! And then you'll marvel that this amazing new toilet soap costs so little. Eve's milk-white tablet gives a foamy lather that brings fresh smoothness to the skin and leaves a perfume all its own. And yet Eve costs only twopence for a full-sized tablet. Try Eve to-day and see for yourself what a really good soap it is.

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AT A PRICE YOU'LL LIKE

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Weekly Informations from MAJOR-GENERAL SIR WYNDHAM CHILDS

BIG CIGARETTE MACHINE SWINDLE

The idea of making private houses and offices into shops may have some merit. The enterprise now exposed has none

FOR some months I have been observing with interest and expectation the development throughout the country of a new system of trading, designed to oust the shopkeeper who specialises in the sale of packet goods.

This enterprise, although still in its infancy, is being conducted almost everywhere with an assiduity which has already had substantial results and which will inevitably cause serious loss to certain branches of the ordinary retail trade if it cannot be effectively and quickly countered.

The method employed is to instal in private houses and offices neatly made cabinets containing, in cartons or wrappers, goods and articles that are in common use and which are delivered mechanically by the insertion of a coin.

Householders are provided with the cabinets without cost or liability and are required only to consent to the owner's agent having access to them periodically to collect the money and replenish the stock.

Whole factories have been turned over to the mass production of such cabinets.

The commodities which are being chiefly sold so far in this manner are tobacco, cigars and cigarettes.

The great tobacco manufacturers are, I know, somewhat perturbed by the growth of the novel scheme of distribution, and, in an effort to protect retailers from the threat to their business, are seeking to devise methods to close the wholesale channels through which the cabinet vendors are obtaining supplies.

The Excise authorities are also apprehensive. They contend that every house and office in which a cabinet is placed is liable for annual tobacco licence duty, but in test cases which have already been carried to the Court of Appeal, the cabinet distributors have been able ingeniously to evade the taxation law.

Wolves at large

So great has been the evasion and loss that the Revenue Commissioners will, I understand, soon submit to the Government a memorandum on the position with a view to legislative amendment for the control and licensing of this new type of trading.

I mentioned that I have been watching the progress of the home-supply scheme with "expectation." Experience warned me at the moment I first became aware of the general principles upon which it is conducted that before long it would be a wolves' hunting-ground for new prey.

My instinct has not been wrong.

Most active in a supposed endeavour to create a far-flung organisation of the new domestic supply service is a concern registered under the title of the Dudley Manufacturing (Sales) Company, of Sentinel House, Southampton Row, London.

This is the trading name of one individual—Dudley Norman Vize, of Barford Close, Watford Way, Hendon, N.W.

Throughout the campaign to make every dwelling-house a tobacco shop, I have noted with suspicion the number of advertisements in the daily Press traceable to Vize offering opportunities to investors and employment to people prepared to give financial security for positions of trust.

I surmised that Vize and the Dudley Manufacturing Company must be either building a business of considerable dimensions or pursuing a mission of plunder.

The latter is being proved correct.

To his victims, from each of whom £100 is demanded and promised to be returned on a month's notice, Vize represents himself as the head of an established cabinet manufacturing business and tobacco sales organisation.

His offices at Sentinel House are furnished with elegant specimen cabinets, and a further air of reality is given to a visitor by the presence of a monster cigarette carton alongside his desk.

It is as empty as his promises of good dividends and high remuneration to investors who pay for employment in his mythical business.

It's bogus

The deposit of £100 is ostensibly required by Vize as a safeguard to his company upon the honesty of the men he engages to go from house to house, collecting money from cigarette cabinets and renewing the stocks in the machines.

Any reputable firm would accept an ordinary fidelity bond as sufficient for this purpose, but not so the Dudley Manufacturing Company.

Vize's insistence on cash payments might, however, be overlooked if his business was honest and genuine and of the size he declares it to be.

But the truth is that it is entirely non-existent.

None of the dupes who have parted with £100 to him for positions as supervisors and collectors has ever seen a single cabinet outside his offices, and the only tobacco and cigarettes which they have ever known him to possess have been what he smokes himself.

The pretence of active business is heightened by the fact that Vize also frequently engages squads of canvassers to call upon householders to induce them to have cabinets fitted in their homes.

He obtains them by advertisement and from the employment exchanges, but they are only so many pawns in his game of deceiving investors.

Enter Dunsford

Their wages and commissions are not paid and never once has a single cabinet been supplied to any house which they have visited on his behalf.

One man who surrendered £100 to Vize for a position as collector took court proceedings and obtained judgment by default against him for arrears of salary.

The judge ordered the money to be paid in fourteen days, but Vize has brazenly flouted the court.

Investors who entrusted their money to Vize have also been led to believe that he owns two busy factories at Holloway, where the cabinets are produced for his sales organisation.

These premises, I find, have been empty and to let during the time Vize has been taking money from his dupes.

When challenged about this fact he explained that his plant and stock had been seized by the bailiffs.

Faced with threats of prosecution, Vize had the audacity overnight to convert the Dudley Manufacturing Company into the Sentinel Manufacturing Company, Ltd., and to attempt to persuade his victims to accept shares in the new and equally worthless venture.

Into the picture, as a fellow director of the Sentinel Company, Vize has brought a sinister associate.

He is Harry Dunsford, the king of charity parasites and the pioneer of big-scale employment frauds, whose activities were recently interrupted for eighteen months by a hard-labour sentence which followed an exposure by me of his swindles.

Vize and Dunsford are now asking the Dudley Company victims to believe that they have embarked on a magnificent scheme by which some of the principal hospitals of the country are to share in the profits of the home-supply tobacco service, and that they have the backing of some of the foremost philanthropic workers in the land and of well-known members of the aristocracy.

A chain

There is nothing new in this kind of pretence by Dunsford at least.

For more than ten years, to my knowledge, he has been ruthlessly engaged in charity-cum-business roguery in which he has exploited even the names of members of the Royal Family.

When a deceived investor has become particularly troublesome to Vize, he has got rid of him by referring him to a firm called Leslie Richards, Ltd., of 272, Camden Road, London, which, he declares, has arranged to pay his liabilities. They get no more satisfaction there than from him.

Leslie Richards, Ltd., are also worthy of notice. For some months they have been publicly announcing opportunities of employment and investment, and a succession of people have lately been gulled by them.

The principals of this equally strange and worthless business are Leonard G. Oliver and Leslie Kenneth Barnham, who was adjudicated bankrupt a few weeks ago.

Only the other day Oliver and Barnham opened other offices for what they call business transfer operations at 163, High Street, Camden Town, where they have disguised themselves under the style of Messrs. Fox and Co.

And prospective clients who call upon Fox and Co. in response to attractive advertisements are received by Vize!

While continuing in occupation of the headquarters of his bogus companies at Sentinel House, he is also actively prosecuting his campaign for victims from this secondary base.

The idea of making every householder his own shopkeeper may have some merits. It certainly has none when it becomes the medium of a ramp of this kind.

OUR SURPRISE GIFT

NEVER has there been an offer so popular as that which JOHN BULL is now making to its readers—the great gift of a magnificent 1934 Ensign Camera—one for you and one for your friend.

Those readers who have not yet applied are given a further opportunity on page 16 of this issue and are advised to seize it before it is too late. The limited supply of 100,000 Cameras specially set aside by JOHN BULL for this occasion is rapidly becoming exhausted. Here is a camera to be proud of, a reliable, scientifically made article backed by a century of splendid photographic experience.

Think what you can do with such a camera this summer! Think what you can make into brilliant pictures! Happy groups of family and friends—amusing incidents—beautiful scenes. Scores and scores of opportunities will come your way to revel in the happy and universally popular pastime of "snapping."

Turn to page 16 now!

WIDOW EVICTED AT 73

IN our issue of March 24, 1934, we published an article under the above heading relating how a widow, named Mrs. Caroline Blencowe, of Over Norton, Oxfordshire, whose deceased husband was formerly a gardener in the employ of Major D. St. G. Daly, D.L., J.P., M.F.H., of Over Norton Park, came to leave the cottage belonging to Major Daly, which she and her husband occupied for many years.

The statements contained in this article undoubtedly conveyed the impression that Mrs. Blencowe had been harshly treated by Major Daly.

The true facts have now been brought to our notice, and we find that originally we were misinformed. We are fully satisfied that Major and Mrs. Daly treated this woman with great generosity and consideration, which is consistent with the high reputation they both enjoy everywhere.

We take this the earliest opportunity of expressing to Major Daly our most sincere apologies and regrets for any annoyance which he and Mrs. Daly may have felt by reason of the publication of the article to which we refer.

MY LIFE: by Viscount Snowden - 3

When We St

IT was at the General Election of 1900 that I first became a Parliamentary candidate.

The National Council of the I.L.P. were anxious that I should contest a constituency where there seemed to be a reasonable chance of success. So they got in contact with the local branch in Blackburn, which, on the face of things, seemed to be one of the most hopeless constituencies in the country.

I was well known to the members of the Party in Blackburn, where I had frequently addressed meetings on the Market Square. There was also a branch of the Social Democratic Federation in the town.

Both branches of the Socialist Parties accepted the offer of my candidature with enthusiasm, and I was unanimously adopted as the Socialist candidate in July preceding the Election.

As the Election contest went on, the hope with which we started of polling a moderately good vote gave place to a feeling that a miracle might happen, and we might be successful. Our meetings had shaken Toryism to its very foundations.

The Liberals did not put forward a candidate. The local Liberal paper gave me strong support. The Liberals in the main supported my candidature, though not officially. There was no alliance between ourselves and the Liberals, though the absence of a Liberal candidate tended to identify my candidature with that Party.

The Other Parrot

I did no personal canvassing during the Election. I have never in all the Elections I have fought made a personal appeal to a voter to give me his vote.

There came to my knowledge from our own canvassers a number of amusing experiences they encountered. A canvasser was trying to get the vote of a stubborn Tory. He would only repeat: "It's no use talking to me. I shall not vote for him." They had a parrot in the room, and after a repetition of this remark the parrot said, "Yah, do!" The wife turned round to her husband and said: "Just harken to t'parrot. It's more sense than tha' has!"

An elector who was visited by one of our canvassers said: "Ah, lad, that's t'chap I'm going to vote for," when his missus said: "Tha'rt doin' nowt o' t'sort! Thou were born a Tory, and thou'rt to stop a Tory." The man replied to the canvasser: "Tak' noa notice o' her. She doesn't know what she's talking about."

It had been the practice in previous elections for the Tory Party on the morning of the poll to cover the hoardings with two dialect placards. One ran, "Voat for t' two owd 'uns," and the other "Voat for t' owd gam' cock." This had a reference to the father of Sir Harry Hornby, who was familiarly called "t'owd gam' cock."

Knowing that these appeals would be forthcoming, we were ready with our reply, which appeared on the hoardings simultaneously. It ran: "We want a gam' cock thad con feight. Snowden con! He's all reight!" Small incidents of this sort tend to enliven an election contest.

The result of the polling was as follows: Hornby (C.) 11,247. Coddington (C.) 9,415. Snowden (Soc.) 7,095. The vote polled for the Socialist candidate staggered the Conservatives. The much larger vote polled by Sir Harry Hornby than by his Conservative colleague, Sir William Coddington, is explained by Sir Harry's personal popularity. No fewer than 1,700 votes were split between Hornby and myself. I had 5,335 plumpers.

My vote was by far the largest which up to that time had been polled by a Socialist candidate.

KEIR HARDIE speaks out from Snowden's platform during the annual demonstration of the Blackburn Labour Party in 1909. Seated are, from the left, Philip Snowden, M.P., and Mrs. Snowden, J. T. Abbott, a prominent member of the Labour movement in Blackburn, and black-bearded D. J. Shackleton (now Sir David)

It is interesting to note that of the 700 members returned at this Election only sixteen polled a higher vote than mine.

The Election cost us £366, of which £166 was for the Returning Officer's charges.

When I went before a local magistrate, who had been a Parliamentary candidate for the borough, to swear my return of expenditure, he said: "This is the first time in the history of Blackburn that a truthful declaration has been signed by a candidate."

My Election campaign in Blackburn, and its striking result, increased the calls upon me for public meetings, and the next six years I spent in propaganda.

In the Spring of 1905 I was married. I was then forty years of age. I first met my wife at a Fabian meeting in Leeds. Our wedding took place at Otley-in-Wharfedale on March 13, 1905.

I don't think it ever occurred to either of us that we were tempting fate by being married on a "thirteenth." At any rate, our experience of thirty years of married life has proved that if there is any truth in the "thirteenth" superstition there are exceptions to it.

We were married quietly and without advertisement, because it had come to our knowledge that the West Riding Socialists were preparing to turn it into a Socialist demonstration.

There were present at the wedding my wife's sisters, Miss Isabella and Miss Bessie Ford, and my cousin and boyhood friend, John A. Whitaker, of Bradford, and my close Socialist comrade, Fred Jowett. That day there began a married life which for thirty years has been a perfect partnership. . . .

DURING Snowden's early days as B kburn' travelled in his constituency in th open wife and Mr. Albert Smith, former Labou M.P. welcomed by the late Mr. I. G. Lewis en Bl

At the Annual Conference of the I.L.P., held at York, at Easter in 1903, I was unanimously elected National Chairman of the Party.

The chairmanship was an annual appointment, but there was an unwritten rule that the same person might hold the position for three years, subject to re-election by the annual conference. I served the full term, when I returned as an ordinary member.

Czar of Cardiff!

I earned the reputation for being rather an autocratic chairman from the firmness with which I ruled the annual conference at Cardiff. It required a strong hand to deal with some hundreds of delegates, most of whom were gifted with a capacity to talk on any topic for any length of time. The agenda of the conference was crowded with resolutions and it was only by curbing the loquacity of delegates that any progress could be made.

There was at the Cardiff Confer-

aggered ENGLAND

as B kburn's representative, he invariably
n th pen landau. Here he is with his
abou M.P. for the Nelson division, being
Lewis en Blackburn's Chief Constable

ence a delegate from Huddersfield who was a quite a character. When I cut short his speech on the ground of irrelevancy, he asked me if I called myself a democrat. When I answered in the affirmative, he retorted: "So, then, is the Czar of Russia!"

The wider view of the aim and possibilities of the movement was now shown in the fact that a far larger number of Labour candidates had been adopted to run at the next General Election, which could not now be very long delayed.

At the previous election fifteen candidates only had been run under the auspices of the Committee, but at the next election in 1906 fifty candidates were put forward, out of whom twenty-nine were successful. The miners were still outside the Labour Party, but they returned twelve members at this election under the old arrangement with the Liberals.

The majority of the Labour candidates returned at this election had not to face opposition from the Liberals. There was no arrangement between the Liberal and Labour Parties, but Mr. Herbert Gladstone, who was Chief Liberal Whip, used his influence in some constituencies to give Labour a straight fight with the Conservative. The emergence from the election of 1906 of an independent Labour Party twenty-nine strong in the House of Commons caused the easy-going politicians of the old school, who had complacently imagined that politics would for ever continue to be a game of ins and outs between the Liberals and Tories, to wake up and begin to take notice.

Everybody was asking what it all meant, and what the new Labour Party would do. A Party which could win seats in industrial centres like Bradford and Glasgow against the nominees of both the Liberal and Tory Parties had clearly a future before it. Organised Labour had begun to realise its power, and was learning how to use it.

Shortly after the previous General Election I had been adopted again as candidate for Blackburn. In the interval I had paid a good deal of attention to the constituency, frequently addressing public meetings there. We had now got together a fairly efficient Party organisation, and we entered upon the contest with high hopes of success.

Blackburn is a two-membered constituency, and on this occasion the Liberals decided to put forward a candidate. One of the old Tory members discreetly retired.

The result of the previous election had shown that in all probability he would be defeated if he ventured to appeal again to the constituency.

The Tories selected Mr. Geoffrey Drage as their second candidate; the popular Sir Harry Hornby was again their first choice. There was no understanding or arrangement between the Labour Party and the Liberals, but, in the circumstances, with each voter having two votes and only one Liberal and one Labour candidate, a large number of voters divided their votes between the Liberal candidate and myself.

The result of the election was: Hornby (C.), 10,291; Snowden (Lab.), 10,281; Drage (C.), 8,932; Hamer (Lib.), 8,892

The explanation of the fact that I polled over 1,000 votes more than the Liberal candidate is this. Blackburn had been in the past overwhelmingly Conservative, and the Labour Party had drawn its support very largely from Conservative working men. It was always taken for granted by the Liberals that the Labour Party drew its support only from men who had been Liberals.

The Old Cry

This was quite a mistake. We drew our support from both Parties, and in a constituency where Tory working men had predominated we made our converts very largely from this class. Many of my most enthusiastic workers were men who had been active Conservatives. I had over 1,500 plumpers at this election, which represented Tory converts, who were not willing to vote for a Liberal. Sir Harry Hornby had 600 splits, which represented the votes of the Liberals who in no circumstances would vote for a Socialist candidate.

To her own and my great regret my wife was prevented by illness from taking part in this election. She had already become very popular in the constituency, and was a great attraction whenever she was announced to speak.

This election, like the one I had previously fought in Blackburn, aroused great enthusiasm, but there was more liveliness on this occasion than at the former election.

The Tories realised that they were fighting for their very existence, and in consequence they imparted a good deal of bitterness into the contest. The old cry of "Socialism and Atheism" was raised, but I had been too long before the constituency for this to have any influence with the electors.

The second Tory candidate, as I have mentioned, was Mr. Geoffrey Drage, who had opposed Mr. Will Crooks at his first contest in Woolwich. Some years later a rather amusing incident occurred at a Labour meeting in Derby I was addressing with Mr. Will Crooks. Mr. Drage was at that time the Tory candidate for Derby, and the chairman, Mr. J. H. Thomas, made a reference to him —"We have beaten him once in Derby, and we will beat him again." Crooks interjected the remark: "And I beat him at Woolwich!" and then I remarked, "And I beat him at Blackburn!" Victors over Mr. Drage seemed to be well represented on that platform.

Welcome Home!

After I had finished helping candidates in their constituencies I paid a visit to my native village of Cowling, where my mother was again living.

Somehow the news of my homecoming had reached the village before my arrival. I did not know what was afoot, but the driver of the bus from the railway station to the village, four miles away, behaved very suspiciously when I alighted from the train. He left his passengers in the bus and disappeared for some time, and it was only later that I learnt that he had been to the post-office to announce the fact that I was coming up by the bus.

The result was that I was met by the local brass band, who played the usual "See the Conquering Hero Comes"; and I was taken to the Assembly Hall, where a packed audience was waiting.

I had to give them an address, in which I recounted the changes which had taken place in the village from the days when the few Socialists were looked upon as hare-brained curiosities who wanted to pile up all the wealth of the country into a heap, and then distribute it share and share alike amongst everybody.

The vicar of the parish, who was a Tory, offered the congratulations of the meeting to me, and proposed that the school-children of my old school should be given a holiday to celebrate the return to Parliament of one of the old scholars.

The general result of this election was an overwhelming victory for the Liberals. The country had had twenty years of unbroken Tory Government. The Tories had secured a large majority at the election of 1900 on the Khaki issue, and had used it to carry legislation on questions they were under a pledge not to touch.

After the election of 1906 the Tories went back to the House of Commons with a mere remnant of their former strength. They numbered only 158 members in the new Parliament. The election was a victory for Free Trade, and an overwhelming condemnation of Mr. Chamberlain's Tariff policy.

The question of Indentured Chinese Labour in South Africa no doubt had some influence on the result, but the enormous Liberal majority was due in the main to a feeling of disgust with the Tory Government. The Liberals had a majority of 270 over the Irish Nationalists, the Conservatives and the Labour Party.

Of the twenty-nine Labour members returned at the 1906 election, six were nominees of the I.L.P., and of this number five were members of the National Council of the Party. They were Keir Hardie, J. R. MacDonald, F. W. Jowett, James Parker and myself.

The rest of the Labour members were nominees of the trade unions; but of the trade union members six had been for long active members of the I.L.P.

Of the twenty-nine Labour members only four had previously been members of the House of Commons. These were Mr. Henderson, Mr. Shackleton, Mr. Crooks and Mr. Keir Hardie. . . .

Taking the Oath

It is difficult to recall after nearly thirty years my first impressions of Parliament, but I would like to set them down so far as I can remember them, subject to this reservation—that later experience has in some respects modified first impressions.

Before my return I had only been in the House of Commons once or twice, and I was wholly ignorant of its ways and proceedings.

The new Parliament was called together for February 13, 1906. I went across to the House of Commons the day before Parliament was to meet and was taken in charge by Mr. Shackleton, who showed me round the building and introduced me to such old members as were about the place. The next day Parliament met for the election of the Speaker.

After the election of the Speaker, the House adjourned until next day. The next few days were occupied in the swearing-in of members. I took my place in a long queue of members, and eventually reached a table where I made a declaration of fealty to the Constitution, and wrote my name in a huge book.

I was then free until the following Tuesday, when the House formally met to hear the King's Speech. I used the interval to make myself acquainted with the topography of the House.

I met one or two very old members of the House who claimed to know how to take the nearest course from one part of the House to another, but the new members during the first week or two almost gave up hope of ever understanding the intricacies of the innumerable corridors and lobbies.

In the course of time, however, we overcame these initial difficulties, and became well enough acquainted with the bearings of the place to act as guides to

(Continued on page 22)

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Continuing MY LIFE: *by* Viscount Snowden

John Burns in the Cabinet

our constituents who came up to London and looked upon a visit to the Houses of Parliament as a necessary part of a visit.

The staff of the House of Commons were very much interested in the appearance of this strange phenomenon of a Labour Party. I daresay they thought the respectability of the place was in danger, or that some of the smug jobs about the House would soon disappear.

The policemen were particularly friendly to the new Labour members. I discovered a number of Labour men among them, and we exchanged mutual confidences.

One of them told me that he had been collecting the pictures of the new members which had appeared in the illustrated papers, and he produced from one of his capacious pockets a compact scrap book into which he had pasted portraits arranged in alphabetical order.

"There is a great change in this Parliament, Mr. Snowden," another policeman remarked to me in the corridor the first day. "You know me, then," I answered. "Yes, sir. I've been looking for this time coming for many years. We police ain't expected to have politics, but I can talk to you, sir. Your Party's needed here."

"They may need you for us before long," I suggested. "Oh, well, sir, if it comes to that, you will find that we shall carry you out very gently!"

Two days after the election of the Speaker by the Commons I was talking to John Burns in the inner lobby when we were startled by the shout: "Make way for the Speaker!"

"Now you will have to look serious," said the new President of the Local Government Board. But it was a sight not calculated to provoke solemnity.

T. U. Toppers

There came the impressive figure of the Mace Bearer, followed by the handsome and dignified Speaker, behind whom was the insignificant figure of the train-bearer holding up the long skirts of the Speaker.

We stood with heads uncovered while the procession passed, and when we were able to speak again John Burns pressed us to follow into the House and hear the opening prayer, which he described as a most beautiful and touching supplication. We followed, and to almost empty benches a prayer was read that Divine wisdom would guide the deliberations of Parliament and that justice might govern all its actions.

A number of the trade union members had shocked their colleagues by appearing in what in those days was regarded as the headgear of conventionality, namely a silk hat. One Liberal, who had previously worn a silk hat, put on a soft hat, and when reproached for this exclaimed that he did not want to be taken for a Labour member!

The Parliamentary Labour Party met at the beginning of the session for the purpose of electing the officers of the Party. There was a keenly contested election between Keir Hardie and David Shackleton for the chairmanship.

It was expected that with the strong trades union element in the Party, an element which at this time had no wish to be identified with Socialism, Shackleton would easily be elected. It turned out, however, that Hardie was chosen by a majority of one. A number of trade union members must have voted for Hardie, and they had done so, no doubt, because they felt that his great services in building up the political Labour Party deserved recognition. Shackleton was appointed deputy chairman, Mr. MacDonald secretary, and Arthur Henderson Chief Whip.

Hardie was not a success as chairman. Nobody recognised this more than himself. Speaking on this matter some years later, he said:

"Nature never intended me to occupy an official position. I think I have shown you that I can be a pioneer, but I am not guided so much by a consideration of policy or by thinking out a long sequence of events as by intuition and inspiration. I know what I believe to be the right thing, and I can and will do it. If I had twenty-one years ago stopped to think what the future would bring I would not have dared to accept the responsibility of entering the House of Commons."

Hardie had not the accommodating spirit which is essential in a successful Parliamentary leader. The humdrum everyday work of the House of Commons was never to Hardie's taste. During his chairmanship of the Party he left the arrangement of business, which must necessarily be carried through by conversations with the Government Whip, largely to Mr. Henderson.

In those days the House of Commons met at 2 o'clock in the afternoon and went on until midnight, with an interval of one and a half hours.

After the swearing-in of the members had been completed, the House met for business, and this gave me my first experience of Parliament as a Debating Chamber, and also introduced me to the new Ministers.

Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman looked the part of a Prime Minister. The other Ministers included such outstanding Parliamentary figures as Mr. Asquith, Chancellor of the Exchequer; Mr. Haldane, Secretary for War; Mr. John Morley, Secretary for India; Mr. Lloyd George, President of the Board of Trade; Mr. Birrell, President of the Board of Education; Sir Henry Fowler, Chancellor of the Duchy of Lancaster; and last, but not least, Mr. John Burns, "the first of the ancient lowly to reach the position of Cabinet Minister," President of the Local Government Board.

I had not seen Mr. Asquith until now for over twenty years, and the change in his appearance was very striking. Although only a little over fifty years old, his hair was white. He had lost the pallor of his younger days.

On the second day of the debate on the King's Speech, two members of the Labour Party made their maiden efforts. They were Mr. Stephen Walsh and Mr. George Barnes. Each of them spoke with the self-possession of men who had had 20 years' experience in the House.

Mr. Stephen Walsh was a remarkable man. He was familiarly called by his constituents "Little Steve" on account of his diminutive stature. His appearance was not impressive, but when he began to speak he immediately arrested attention. There was nothing of the demagogue about him. His speeches had a fine literary flavour, often illuminated by apt quotation, particularly from Shakespeare, with whose writings he was thoroughly acquainted.

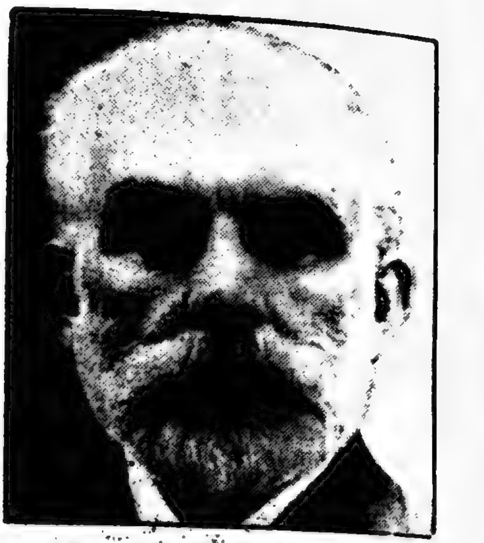
Gallant Fight

Mr. George Barnes was one of the ablest of the Labour members. He was very much the same type of man as Mr. Shackleton, full of sound commonsense, and he had a great knowledge of Labour questions. He stated his case in a plain, matter-of-fact style, without the slightest pretension to eloquence. The speeches of Mr. Walsh and Mr. Barnes impressed the House.

Mr. Keir Hardie had spoken briefly on the first day of the debate as the new Chairman of the Party, but his speech was not a success. He justified his own opinion of himself—that Nature had never intended him to be a Parliamentary leader. His strength and influence lay in other directions.

The Tory Opposition, though small in numbers, made a gallant fight. The Tory Front Bench contained a number of experienced Parliamentarians like Mr. Joseph Chamberlain, Mr. Balfour, Mr. George Wyndham, Mr. Austen Chamberlain and Mr. Alfred Lyttelton, and they were admirably supported by the Back Benches. The Tory Opposition in this Parliament was, I think, the best I have known in my experience in the House of Commons. It played as a team, with every man taking his part.

We were very much interested in seeing how Mr. John Burns would shape as a Cabinet Minister. We had not long to wait. About a fortnight after the meeting of Parliament, Burns got an opportunity to make his first official oration. It was a great success.



"Success did not change John Burns. He was still the outspoken workman and not the statesman . . ."

The material provided for the purpose was suitable to John Burns' special line. A young Tory aristocrat, with doubtful taste and a bold disregard for the consequences, had been indicting the Right Honourable Gentleman's record.

It gave Burns the opportunity to recount his past achievements in the people's cause from the time when he stood in the dock at the Old Bailey down to the time when he had the honour and privilege of thumping a dispatch box on the Treasury Table in the capacity of a Minister of the Crown. There was not a Labour member in the House who did not feel proud of John Burns that night.

The Same John

The relations between Burns and the Labour Party had been very strained for some years, but that night we seemed to feel that the elevation of John Burns was the elevation of Labour, and the honour done to him was an honour and recognition of Labour.

He carried on to the Treasury Bench the oratorical style he had developed in Trafalgar Square and Battersea Park. His manner of speech was as different from that of his official colleagues as the sound of a mountain torrent from the music of a meandering stream.

Success did not change John Burns. He wore the same unconventional dress. He was still the outspoken workman, and not the statesman uttering smooth-sounding phrases to lull his hearers to unconsciousness.

That was my first impression of John Burns on the Treasury Bench, and though his subsequent performances somewhat altered my views, I prefer to remember the impression he made on that occasion.

A year or two before the 1906 Election, the annual conference of the Labour Party approved a scheme by which an allowance of £200 a year from the funds of the Party was made to each member elected. This, of course, was far from meeting the expenses of a member of Parliament, and the Trade Union members had an additional allowance granted to them by the trade union responsible for their candidature.

I should have found it to be very difficult to exist if I had not been able to supplement my Parliamentary allowance by my earnings as a journalist. During the first years I had to maintain a home in the North of England, as well as to meet the expenses of living in hotels and lodgings in London.

I felt a good deal of sympathy for a few of my colleagues who had no means beyond the £200 provided by the Labour Party. I do not know how they managed to exist, and I am afraid they suffered a good deal of privation.

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NEXT WEEK: **Ramsay MacDonald**

OUR Reason for smoking Kensitas?

–for better TASTE

You, too, will appreciate why Kensitas TASTE better. *Only the centre leaves* of the finest Virginia tobaccos are used. You see, the top leaves are under-developed—not ripe. They would give a harsh smoke. The bottom leaves are inferior in quality. They grow close to the ground . . . they are tough, coarse and *always* sandy. The centre leaves are the mildest leaves. And so only the centre leaves are used in Kensitas. These few choice centre leaves alone can give to Kensitas their mellow-mild, smooth, satisfying flavour. That's why Kensitas TASTE better.

They're Mild . . . They Satisfy . . . They Taste Better

NOT the top leaves — *they're under-developed — they are harsh!*

The Cream of the Crop
"The mildest, smoothest tobacco"

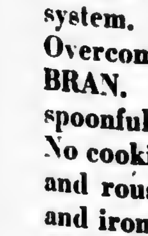
NOT the bottom leaves — *they're inferior in quality — coarse and always sandy!*

COME OVER TO THE SUNNY SIDE OF LIFE

Stay young keep healthy!

Think back! Those days of vigour when work was a pleasure, when sports were joy! They came only when Health was at its peak. Keep healthy—stay young, vibrant with energy, keen mentally.

Poor health is often due to common constipation. Lazy, tired intestines mean faulty elimination. Poisons clog the system. You tire quickly, you lose your zest for work. Overcome constipation easily by eating Kellogg's ALL-BRAN. You will love this delicious cereal. Two tablespoonfuls daily in cold milk or cream are sufficient. No cooking needed. Its "bulk" gently clears the intestines and rouses them into natural action, while its Vitamin B and iron tone your system. Ask your grocer for Kellogg's ALL-BRAN.



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Kellogg's ALL-BRAN

the gentle, natural way to relieve
CONSTIPATION

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You get more nourishment from a slice of BREAD than from any other food at an equal cost

There is no better breakfast food than Bread - and none nearly so cheap. It is practically all pure nourishment, body-building and energy-producing, yet it costs far less than cereal foods although it has a much higher food value. Start the day right on Bread - order an extra loaf from your baker *now*.

ISSUED BY THE MILLERS' MUTUAL ASSOCIATION
C.F.H. 104

IN Spring
YOU MUST PURIFY
YOUR DOGS BLOOD

Save him from the painful blood disorders of Spring

IN Spring you can tell at a glance which dogs belong to the experienced owners who prevent ill-health by conditioning their dogs regularly. Thoughtless owners, who wait for signs of loss of condition, force their dogs to suffer acutely.

At the end of winter, after months of too rich food and too little exercise, your dog has a bloodstream full of impurities. You know that he cannot expel these impurities through his skin, for his skin is non-porous. If his blood is still impure when the warmer weather begins to aggravate and develop the impurities his liver soon becomes sluggish and his stomach sour. **One warm day will rob him of his health and his good spirits.** Save your dog from this needless suffering. Purify and refresh his blood NOW with a ten days' course of Bob Martin's Condition Powders, and so prevent the blood disorders which bring such suffering to neglected dogs in Spring—**continual scratching, sulky temper, listlessness, loss of appetite, loose coat, eczema and eczema-gout** (swellings between the toes).

After you have given your dog his Spring Conditioning with a ten days' course of Bob Martin's Condition Powders, maintain him in good health throughout the year in the correct way—a Bob Martin's Condition Powder three times a day on two successive days in every week.

FREE. A new leaflet on SPRING CONDITIONING by Mr. Bob Martin, together with a sample packet (6d. size) of Bob Martin's Condition Powders may be had on application, stating breed and age of dog, to Bob Martin Ltd., 42 Union Street, Southport.

Bob Martin's Condition Powders are in 1/- boxes of 21 powders: 6d. packets of 9—everywhere.

BETTER-LOOKING CYCLES, MOTOR - CYCLES & CARS ON ROAD THIS SUMMER.

Cyclists, Motor-Cyclists and Motorists discover a unique way of repainting their Cycles, Motor-Cycles and Cars.

Cyclists, motor-cyclists and motor owners all over the country are loud in their praise of the superb results obtained with the new discovery of the Robbialac laboratories— ROBBIALAC SYNTHETIC FINISH.

One owner, of a Talbot, writes: "I have used it with complete success, it has taken equally well over badly cracked varnish, cellulose or wood. It is the easiest of any kind of finish for amateur use."

This sensational discovery has set cyclists, motor-cyclists and motorists repainting and retouching the paintwork of their cycles, motor-cycles and cars in the delightful assurance that their job will be a guaranteed success. For ROBBIALAC SYNTHETIC FINISH flows on evenly from the brush and can be applied over metal, wood, old paintwork, or even a cellulose finish without leaving the slightest trace of a lap or ugly brush-mark. The film dries overnight with a surface as hard, flexible and brilliant as Chinese lacquer, and immune to the effects of weather, petrol, grease, oil or mud.

If you would like to learn more about Robbialac Synthetic Finish, send for leaflet and colour card. But if you would rather try it straightaway, buy a tin from any cycle or car accessory dealer. They all sell it in 1/9, 3/- and 5/9 tins.

ROBBIALAC
SYNTHETIC FINISH
(Dept. H.9) Robbialac Works, Stratford, London, E.15

Swollen Heads . .

I ATTENDED an important luncheon the other day. Peers, bishops, leading politicians and famous scientists had gathered in honour of one of London's great business magnates.

This man, respected and loved by all who know him, made a speech that will never be forgotten by any of those present. He started in this simple way: "When I was a lad I sold papers in the streets for a few shillings a week. I have always been grateful for the struggles of those early days."

It is a great achievement to make a success of life. It is even greater to reach a position of eminence and not be ashamed of humble beginnings. One of the finest traits in those who have climbed to the top of the ladder is revealed if we find they never boast or put on airs.

It is a sign of small-mindedness to "show off." The person who is too big for his boots often has too little in his head. And it is that kind of pride that "goes before a fall."

My first letter this week is from a young man who has discovered how true this is.

◆ ◆ ◆

"I was educated at a secondary school," he writes, "and, when I left, the headmaster told me that I was cut out for big things and that I would make an ideal journalist. Circumstances, however, forced me to take up work in the carpenter's shop of a building firm. I was absolutely unsuited for this kind of job, felt I was fitted for something better and that I was wasting my time. And so I gave it up before obtaining another post.

"Shortly afterwards my mother died, and as I had no father I went to live with an aunt. She is now keeping me entirely, as I am still out of work and get no unemployment pay.

"Some time ago, after searching in vain for something to do, I began to feel that I did not care what happened. I got reckless and my recklessness finally landed me in the police court.

"This town is a small one and I realise to my cost that it is hard to live down a bad name. What can I do? Here I am not yet twenty-one and yet in spite of everything, I feel I am too young to be classed as a 'might have been.'"

◆ ◆ ◆

Of course he is. The old proverb "It is never too late to mend" has been proved to be true by people a great deal older than this young man.

Now part of the troubles that have come upon him can be laid at the door of that headmaster. It is never wise to fill a boy's head with 'big ideas." It gives him a false sense of his real value.

The trouble with so many young people is that they want to start where others leave off. It is those who are willing to begin in a small way who often "get there afterwards." The man who feels too big for the small job is usually too small for the big one.

Then this young man, after allowing conceit to get the better of him, made another mistake. He should never have given up his job without having another in prospect.

But it is no use dwelling on the past—his concern is the present and the future. It is not going to be easy, but I urge him to make every endeavour to obtain work of some kind. Let him accept anything for a start, however menial it may be, in order to show those about him that he intends to make good.

He does not say what the offence was which brought him to the police court, but if necessary he could go to the Probation Officer and enlist his aid.

Work is the medium by which my correspondent will regain his self-respect and it is the channel by which his character will be restored in the eyes of those around him. And once he has obtained a start he can progress to something better.

If his headmaster's description of him is correct he will use all his spare time with that object in view. He could either attend evening classes or try his hand at writing. In the latter connection, a book called "Journalism," by R. J. Minney, might help him, or he might obtain from his library the Literary Year Book, which is full of useful hints.

"Work is the medium by which this young man may regain his self-respect"—so long as he is not afraid to take his coat off!

Human Documents

Tell your private troubles to "Humanist," 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2, enclosing stamped envelope. £1 1s. is paid for each letter quoted

by

Philip Inman

My second letter shows this problem from another angle:

"Some years ago I started in business on my own" (writes this correspondent), "and as the work increased I took on a boy to assist me. It was some time before he mastered the details, but he now knows it almost from A to Z. The trouble is that he has become 'uppish' with it all and thinks that I could not possibly manage without him.

"I would let him see his mistake except for one thing. I have heard that, with a friend, he intends to open a shop of his own, and if this happened I should be bound to feel the draught. I hold that it would be unfair on his part to start in opposition, and I wonder if there is any way in which I could prevent him."

◆ ◆ ◆

It is always wise for an employer to have an agreement with those whom he employs that they will not enter into competition with him in his own district. Every fair-minded person will agree that this is a reasonable request.

Take the case under review. This young man has not only learnt the secrets of the business, but he has become personally acquainted with the customers. He should not be allowed, by the possession of that inside knowledge, to damage his old employer.

My correspondent, however, seems to have omitted to provide against such a eventuality, and in the absence of any agreement this young man can, if h chooses, start a business in opposition. But even if that threat materialises i should not be taken too seriously

If my correspondent has given satisfaction to his customers, as I gather he must have done by the way his business has prospered, I see no reason why he should not retain them in spite of competition. From now on he should try to spend as much time as he can spare attending to them himself.

The really fatal thing for him to do would be to allow that young man to see that he is feared as a possible rival. That would only serve to encourage him in his present arrogant attitude. My correspondent must be boss in his own business. That employee may think himself too big for his shoes, but that is no reason why he should be allowed to wear his master's.

You will realise something of the responsibility that devolves upon my work as "Humanist" when you read this next letter. It comes from a man who says:

"My wife and I always read and appreciate your advice to others and we have decided to abide by your decision on the following matter:

"We have been married twelve years and are quite comfortably circumstanced. I assist my brother in his business as a draper and, unlike some relations, he and I get on very well together.

"My wife has always been ambitious for me and thinks I ought to have a business of my own. I tell her that I am happy as things are, and, besides, what would happen if I left my present employment and things turned out badly? But we do not seem to reach agreement, and so this is the question that I would like to put before you: Is it wise to leave well alone or to strike out on one's own, even if it means a risk?"

◆ ◆ ◆

There are men who are born to lead—others perfectly willing to be led. My correspondent is happy working for his brother. His wife, on the other hand, is not content that he should play the part of "second fiddle."

Is there any means of reconciling these contradictory attitudes? I think there is. Is it not possible for that brother to take my correspondent into partnership? That would give him a better status without forfeiting his present security

I think it would be unwise, feeling as he does and with the present state of trade, to branch out on his own. As he says, quite rightly, what would happen if he did so and things turned out badly? His brother might feel aggrieved at his leaving him and be unwilling to restore him to his old position.

These two people are "quite comfortably circumstanced." It would be a pity to give up the substance for the shadow. "Leave well alone" is a slogan that has its attractions. And it is my advice in this case.

WORLD'S GREATEST MYSTERY BOOK
Yours in a few days. Turn to centre supplement

SIDE-SLIPS

Examples of unconscious humour from the current Press are welcomed. Actual cuttings must be sent. 2/6 is paid to the sender of each item published Mark envelopes "Side-Slips."

PICTURE SHOW:—"'You'd better sit down,' said Tommy, arranging some PILLARS on a divan."

DAILY DISPATCH:—"The members of the famous —— Club held their 5.914th ANNUAL meeting."

TOPICAL TIMES RADIO REVIEW:—"—— is the youngest of SEVEN children, FIVE boys and THREE girls."

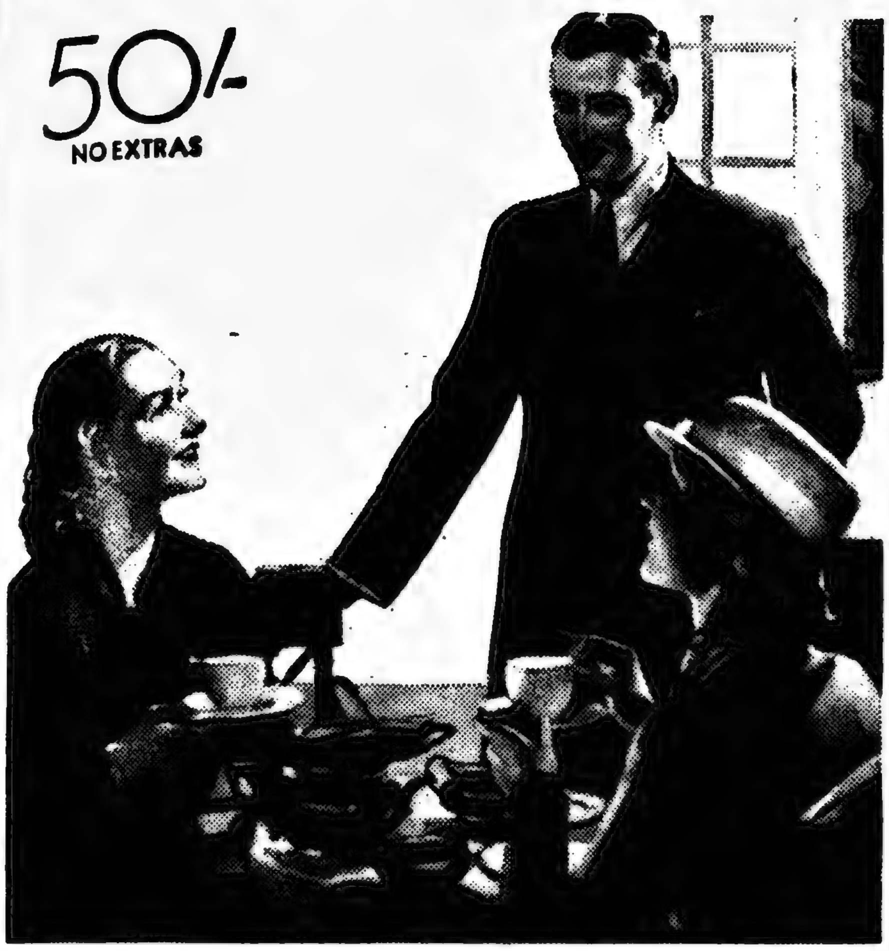
LEICESTER MERCURY: —"The banks accepted more money in deposits than in any other *1934* half-year."

MANCHESTER EVENING NEWS:—"Some came out, smiled SAPPILY at their friends, and walked along to the nearest tram-car."

YORKSHIRE POST:—"Immediate repairs are necessary to the roof of the KNAVE."

RATIONAL TAILORING

50/-
NO EXTRAS



Helen, doesn't he look SMART?

HELEN: Very—what's he been doing?

JEAN: Dolling himself up to please his new secretary.

TIM: Don't take any notice of her, Helen, she's pulling my leg. I've got a new suit on and she's feeling proud of me.

HELEN: Very nice, too. I suppose you're Savile Row and all that.

TIM: Huh! you forget that I've got to keep Jean in clothes as well.

JEAN: He's bought three new suits in one breath. I'll bet that's 30 guineas—wallop!

TIM: Not at my *new* tailors.

JEAN: New tailors—Tim, you are keeping things from me!

TIM: If I'd told you where I was going your snobbish little soul would be horrified.

HELEN: This grows more and more curious. Where *did* you go?

TIM: The Fifty Shilling Tailors.

JEAN: What?

TIM: The Fifty Shilling Tailors—the three suits only cost me £8.15.0 . . . two at 50/- no extras, and one at 75/- no extras. What d'you think of that for extravagance? And if I'm not satisfied with any one of them I can send it back within seven days and they'll give me another one.

HELEN: Why this is DISCOVERY! I must tell Robert about it at once—and you'll have to come and show yourself.

THE FIFTY SHILLING TAILORS

For patterns write to :—

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84-5, HIGH ST., BIRMINGHAM
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Jif BY MEN WHO USE IT

"I purchased a 'Jif' Shaving Stick on March 9th and have shaved every day since with it—5 months and 8 days! Not bad for sixpence." *H.W. Cobham.*

"I have shaved myself for 50 years now, and can honestly say I never used a shaving soap which gives such excellent results as 'Jif.'" *W.J.R. Bridport.*

"Your 'Jif' Shaving Stick gives a close shave, no smarting, the right thickness of lather, so it is very clean in use. I wish I had tried it before." *J.H.S. Portsmouth.*

"'Jif' is the best Shaving Soap I ever used. My razor keeps a better edge and does not want the strop so often." *W.N. London, S.E.17.*

"Having tried all the shaving soaps in Africa, Egypt, France, India and Australia, 'Jif' gets my vote." *H.T. Welwyn.*

"'Jif' is the quickest and best Shaving Cream I have ever used." *A.W.R. Swindon.*

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PEARS *Jif*

Shaving STICK or CREAM

A. & F. PEARS, LTD.—*THE MAKERS OF PEARS SOAP.*
PJ/33/364

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Get a bottle today and be a Mr CAN

Anything Wrong With your FEET?

No need for your feet to hurt, swell or perspire or be out of condition. If you have a lot of standing or walking to do—like the average housewife, nurse, domestic worker, shop assistant or hiker—bathe your feet each night and morning in tepid water and rub Zam-Buk Ointment well into the soles and toes.

This not only keeps the tissues sound and muscle pads flexible, but soothes the nerves, along which trouble is "telegraphed" to the rest of the body, causing headaches, backache and even digestive trouble. Use Zam-Buk regularly.

Champion Walker's Advice:—

"*Zam-Buk is simply wonderful for keeping the feet fit and resilient. It prevents chafing, blisters, corns and callouses, and also makes the muscles soft and supple. Night and morning the feet should be smeared over with this soothing healer, Zam-Buk. No one can afford to be without a box.*" (Signed) George Cummings, World's Professional Walking Champion.

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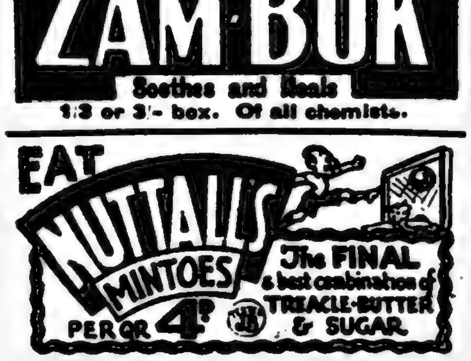
1/3 or 3/- box. Of all chemists.



EAT
NUTTALL'S
MINTOES
PER QR 4D
The FINAL & best combination of TREACLE-BUTTER & SUGAR

IN BRAVEST ENGLAND—8

by

Mrs. Cecil Chesterton

A Living for Five in a TUB

I LOVE Liverpool, her gorgeous sunsets, when purple clouds pile up against a wine-red sky, and a fresh wind blows off the magnificent Mersey, source of the city's wealth and pride; the panoply of her docks huge ships, spicy with odours from the East, charged with great cargoes; her Captains Courageous, heroes of a hundred fights with storm-tossed seas, and sailormen from all over the globe.

The jaunts across the ferry are a joy to me, the glittering shops, the fine buildings on the Mount, and the beautiful memorial by Goscombe John that brings one to the edge of tears with its feeling for the tragedy, the heroism of the soldier.

Liverpool, of course, has its plague spots, with mean streets and dingy alleyways, but, in spite of unemployment, depression and general economic fog, to me the pulse of the northern capital still beats strong, and, for the most part, hopefully—witness the vast and cheery working-class audiences that fill the public halls for municipal lectures on travel and other interesting topics.

A Fine Story

Dock Road, with all its poverty, has movement and vivacity. You catch a glimpse through a parlour window of a brightly coloured bowl from foreign parts, or a gay tablecloth. Strange lingoes buzz about you, surrounding, but never drowning, the familiar Liverpudlian note.

Yarns of strange adventure are to be had for the picking up in these parts, but, I feel, the tale of a little woman in one of the old houses—revealed to me in my search for the heroines of "Bravest England"—is as fine a story as you could find in the Seven Seas.

Once upon a time the little woman, Mrs. Lee, was a comely lass. But she lost her wild-rose colour and the brightness of her eyes when she had to keep her husband, three children and herself.

Liverpool has many industries for women and girls, but, for the most part, they are recruited from the young. There has been little chance in the days of the Great Depression for a woman of thirty-eight, untrained in everything but the making of a home.

The Family Burden

Mr. Lee used to earn a tidy living as a carpenter on his own. He had a good connection, and got plenty of jobs in private houses and fitting up shops. But rheumatic fever took away his health and destroyed his prospects, and for the last eight years a wreck of a man, with a weak heart and aching limbs, he has barely dragged himself about.

A few shillings from the National Health Insurance is all his contribution to the household expenses. The children, the eldest twelve and the youngest seven, are still in the nest, so the burden and heat of the day falls on the sturdy shoulders of Mrs. Lee.

For she is sturdy. Short, thick-set, with strong arms, she plants her feet with a firm tread. Not easily can she be thrown off her balance—physical or mental.

Her place—three rooms and a washhouse—was full of steam, and she was up to her elbows in soap-suds.

A hard worker, Mrs. Lee has a clever headpiece. As she couldn't find a paying job outside, she decided to earn her living inside the home. And accordingly she started a laundry.

She does not try to compete with those up-to-date establishments that seem to turn soiled clothes into snowy garments like magic. She does everything by manual labour, and her charges are pitifully low.

WASHING
DONE
HERE.

"How did I get my connection? . . . I put a card in the window . . ."

You may get your shirt washed almost while you wait, and bundles are brought in dirty and returned clean the next day. . . .

"Hard work?" said Mrs. Lee, her face shining through the steamy, soapy mist; "all work's hard if it's worth doing. We had some bad times, me and my Will, before we got going. But it's dogged as does it, and now I've just about as much as I can manage. . . .

"No, I don't want to have in extra help. If you do a thing yourself you know how it's done—besides, I can't afford it. And then I study my customers. There's one young man—I always darn his socks and see his buttons are sewn on. If I didn't keep an eye on his things they might be overlooked.

"Yes, Will rigged up this washhouse, and on his good days he turns the mangle."

The washhouse was a shed, with a corrugated iron roof. In the kitchen was an ingenious arrangement of pulleys, by which the clothes hanging out to dry could be raised and lowered. A big stove roared cheerfully, and a row of irons was getting hot.

A bed-sitting-room for Mrs. Lee and Will, another for the girls—the boy sleeps in the kitchen—make up the home.

"How did I get my connection?" (Mrs. Lee had moved from the washhouse and was at the stove holding an iron up to her face. "Just right," she said, briskly, and dealt with six collars and as many handkerchiefs in the twinkling of an eye.) "I put a card in the window and told the neighbours. Most of us in this district have something to do with ships, and with one and the other I picked up a bit here and a bit there."

"How long do I work?" She laughed. "Sometimes I'm at it all day and the best part of the night. Never promise what you can't perform—that's my motto. I haven't let a customer down yet, and I don't mean to."

A hoarse voice echoed the words, and a queer chuckle followed. It was Peter the parrot, the family's pride. A thinking bird, if ever there were one, he must have a great deal of private information as to Mrs. Lee. I suppose Peter is the only one who ever sees her "down in the mouth," who knows just how terribly her back aches, how her head swims in the steam and the heat.

Recalling past experiences, the parrot intimated it was closing time—but it is never closing time for Mrs. Lee!

"And a good thing, too," echoed Peter; and then, with that curious half-human understanding that makes a parrot so uncanny, screamed out: "Here's to mother, God bless her."

That seems the only thing one can say — God bless her, too. . . .

It is rough luck, at seven-and-twenty, when you've married the man of your choice and have two lovely babies, to be obliged to return to the treadmill of daily work. But pretty Nancy Evans, back in the labour market again, does not feel any grievance.

Two small rooms off the Scotland Road hold the Evans family, Nancy, her husband, and their fair-haired toddlers of eighteen months and three years old. The husband used to be in the fish trade and take a barrow round the streets and in the market. But two years ago he got a chill and had a sharp attack of inflammation of the lungs and since then bad health and bad trade have hampered him. His earnings come to very little, and Nancy has to keep the family afloat.

Money Does It

"I was lucky enough to get taken on by the tobacco company where I was when I got married. You can't tell what a relief it is to get your money regularly, to feel that you can pay the rent and buy a bit of coal and food."

She was getting her youngest ready for bed. All rosy and smiling, the baby lay on her mother's lap, while the elder sister gravely superintended.

"They look after them nicely at the creche," said Mrs. Evans, "but I can't help feeling anxious about them all the same. I always run from the tram home; I can't seem to get back quick enough. . . . They look well, don't they?"

She glanced up proudly, sheltering them in a warm embrace. And I knew that neither cold nor weariness, trouble nor disappointment, could defeat her—for where the heart is, there lies the treasure also; and Mrs. Evans holds hers very close.

MOLLISON'S OWN STORY

Dedicated to "Every 'Bus Driver of the Air," the hitherto untold story of Jim Mollison's early career is as fascinating as any tale of old-time adventure. These memories of one of the greatest pioneers of aerial travel appear in *The Passing Show*, on sale Friday, April 27. Read of Mollison's reckless first solo flight at eighteen, and his grim ten minutes as passenger to a scatter-brained pupil, of the horror of being frost-bound in mid-air.

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....

To New Imperial Motors Ltd.,
Department 11,
Hall Green,
Birmingham, 11.
½d. Stamp.

Mother Your Child needs a laxative

If Tongue is Coated, and the Child is Cross, Feverish, Constipated, give a reliable and dependable liquid laxative.

Don't scold your fretful, peevish child. See if the tongue is coated; this is a sure sign that the little stomach, liver and bowels are clogged with bile and imperfectly digested food.

When listless, pale, feverish, with tainted breath, a cold or a sore throat; if the child does not eat, sleep or act naturally, or has stomach-ache, indigestion or diarrhœa, give a teaspoonful of 'California Syrup of Figs', and in a few hours all the waste matter, bile and fermenting food will pass out of the bowels, and you have a healthy, playful child again. Children love this harmless "fruit laxative" and mothers can rest easy after giving it, because it never fails to make their little "insides" sweet and wholesome.

Mothers who value the robust health of their children should be wary of giving them laxatives in solid form as they often contain synthetic chemicals. All mothers are urged to try gentle regulation of the bowels with 'California Syrup of Figs'. It is a fruity, delicious and natural laxative flavoured with cassia, cloves and mint—endorsed by the medical profession and nurses the world over, because it is perfectly harmless.

'California Syrup of Figs' is sold by all chemists, 1/3 & 2/6. Be sure to emphasize the word 'California' when buying, and no mistake will be made.

"California Syrup of Figs"
THE SAFE LAXATIVE

ROLL IN
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PAPERS
and you are *sure* of satisfaction
FIT ALL MACHINES.

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Write for new 36-page illustrated catalogue.
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Tapping the TIP Millions

Half-a-crown passes almost surreptitiously from hand to hand—but there's another hand held out now. It belongs to the Chancellor of the Exchequer

—but what a job!

THE income-tax authorities are stated to have begun a big "drive" against all that great army of people who derive all, or the major portion, of their income from tips.

They hope, it is said, to increase the yearly tax yield by at least £1,000,000 by roping in all those whose earnings depend on the generosity, or by the foolishness and weakness, of their fellow-men. Somerset House has already embarked on "a close investigation of the field."

They have got a job on!

There is no doubt at all that there are thousands of people whose "invisible" income in the form of tips would make a tax inspector's mouth water. There are some hundreds who have been servants all their lives, but whose income is greater than men who have been masters all their lives.

But it is a mysterious problem, where the facts are few, the guides more than usually unreliable and where guesswork usually holds the field; where those who know don't tell, and where those who don't know are only too ready to surmise.

Enormous earnings

Somerset House has computed the number of those who live by and on tips in this country at a minimum of 20,000—a minimum which provisionally excludes those whose tip income totals less than 30s. a week. Otherwise the number is much greater. In the case of many of these, of course, their wages, plus small tips, will bring them within the income-tax class and help to swell that hoped-for million.

The 20,000 range from such princes of the tip-taking class as the hall porters at the mammoth West End hotels—such men as the late Mr. Nicholas Mockett, for example, once head porter of a famous hotel, who left an estate of over £20,000—down to the waitress at the good seaside notel who makes her £150 in tips during the season.

In between are the golf caddies, commissionaires, liner stewards, taxi drivers, restaurant-car conductors, gamekeepers, cloakroom attendants, and others too numerous to mention.

In the £1,000-a-year class are the head porters, head waiters and restaurant managers of the leading hotels. The earnings of the latter in any fashionable restaurant are enormous.

Their tips, however, are seldom obtained direct. They derive their income through taking the lion's share each day of the "tronc," the pool maintained by all first-class hotels, into which the waiters pour the day's tip takings, and from which the whole catering staff draw in an agreed and decreasing proportion according to rank and service.

At least two of this hierarchy of waiters have during the past few months established themselves in £10,000 catering businesses financed entirely from the proceeds of their few years' service.

Poor chief porters!

With regard to the head porters, their earnings can be gathered from a recent statement by Mr. R. C. Vaughan, hotel chief and one of the heads of the catering world. Commenting on the fact that tips were now only about 50 per cent. of what they were in the "boom years," he said that he "*doubted now whether many of the chief porters make more than £1,000 a year in tips!*"

There is one commissionaire at a West End hotel who to this day arrives at the back entrance of the hotel each morning in his own car. After exchanging his "mufti" for his resplendent bemedalled uniform, he takes his place at the front entrance to open the doors of other people's cars.

Further actual facts about tip earnings in the high-class catering trade can be culled from evidence given in recent court cases. A waiter, wages 25s., made £6 10s. a week "off season," £9 in the season. Page boys £7 a week. A night-club porter, wages £3 a week, tips £12.

In the catering trade outside the West End of London evidence regarding tip earnings, given before a Trade Board inquiry, showed that a large number of male employees received £5 a week and the women £2 in tips. In the larger licensed hotels remuneration totalled £5 a week and over in the case of 26.5 per cent. of the male employees.

Other substantially rewarded "tippees" are the upper servants and special retainers attached to wealthy houses and the great sporting estates. Though "times are not what they were," few butlers cannot retire at sixty or so on "savings," although their actual wages have seldom exceeded £100 a year even in the later years of their service. Many have gone into lucrative retirement in the shape of seaside boarding-houses and hotels which they have been able to acquire.

Memory man

In the exceptional tip-earning class are golf caddies at courses patronised by the well-to-do; restaurant-car conductors on good trains, who, according to Sir Arthur Towle, of the L.M.S., make £10 to £12 a week in addition to their wages of 37s. 6d.; and cloakroom attendants at good restaurants, one of whom recently left an estate of £11,000.

His earnings, however, cannot be taken as typical. He was either the possessor of an extraordinary memory, or he had a secret hat and coat filing system which none of his colleagues has ever fathomed. He never gave a client a ticket, but could always find the clothes again instantly when the client came out from the restaurant, however crowded the session may have been.

But of all the "tippees," the full force of the income-tax "drive" is to be made against the personnel of the passenger liners. Perhaps some revenue official who took his business eye with him on a cruising holiday started it, but it is known now that the whole of this new tax squeeze on tips has centred and begun on the shipping line employees.

There are some strange and interesting facts here. The commander of a North Atlantic liner gets £850 a year in salary and, naturally, no tips. His chief steward, however, gets £18 to £25 a month in salary, and if he does not make £30 *a week* on the North Atlantic run in the season, then he has had a bad week. The smoking-room steward and deck steward are £1,000-a-year men also, as far as tips are concerned. Bedroom and saloon stewards make £8 to £12 a week.

But, again, on the liners there is a "tronc" system as in the land hotels. There is a tip-sharing racket. Each of these £1,000-a-year men must share the spoils with a formidable array of assistants and hangers-on, unknown and invisible to the tip-giving passenger, a whole underworld of them, ranging from pantrymen and their assistants, the kitchen staffs, the butchers, confectioners, salad-makers, down to the "glory hole" stewards—the stewards' stewards who look after their messrooms and dormitories. When all the "rake-offs" are done, that £1,000 a year has shrunk a bit.

It is the "tronc" system which is likely to beat all the accountant-detectives and senior wranglers at Somerset House.

It is an even bet that the hoped-for £1,000,000 a year tax squeeze from the tip-takers will turn out to be fairy gold, after all.

Race with Silver Ring

ESHER CUP

A CORRESPONDENT has taken me to task for coding Mandritsara and Mop End (two non-runners) at Newmarket. Both horses are trained at Newmarket and were "probables" overnight, so I offer no excuse.

I am a believer in the overnight declaration of runners in force in France, but our Continental cousins are not bound by any hard and fast rule. The overnight declaration is understood, and not a law. Sometimes an owner who has not declared overnight runs his horse. This is very rare, and usually the sporting Press has a lot to say on the subject, particularly if the horse happens to win.

The reason for the overnight declaration in France is that the away betting, via the Pari-Mutuel, is enormous. In most races one or two of the declared horses do not run, but little harm is done.

The Esher Cup at Sandown Park is the attraction this week-end. My choice is **Contucci.**

Dusty and Apperley may oblige for the Saturday double.

If you are taking a price on the "Jubilee," Cotoneaster is worth a modest investment.

"SILVER RING'S" CODE

The Code for this week is as follows. It covers the racing from Thursday, April 26, to Wednesday, May 2.

M P U X Z R 98 T F O A Q C 93 B 94
D V Y 97 L W N 96 G S K H J I 95 E

In place of the letters or figures advertised in the *Sporting Life* and *Daily Herald* read those above or below, as the case may be. Example:

95Y98JQ would read BUNCH.

Where a double letter occurs in the name of a horse the figure 2 is substituted. KJ2WK would read ACCRA.

For men like us

BEER is best

ALL OUTDOOR MEN find in beer the drink that best suits their bodily needs. Beer restores their energy. Beer rebuilds their muscles. Beer is not only an energizing muscle-building food in itself, but, thanks to the digestive powers of barley-malt and hops, it increases the good you get from the rest of your diet. You say 'Good health!' when you drink your beer. You never said truer words!

MALT • HOPS • SUGAR • YEAST

Changeable Weather

—treacherous time now for chest troubles

Children given Scott's are 3 times safer

Health figures taken from families all over the country reveal this amazing fact. They show that children given Scott's Emulsion during treacherous March, April and May have 3 times less illness.

Actually, a tablespoonful of Scott's wards off illness *three* times better than a tablespoonful of ordinary cod liver oil and malt. Besides this, Scott's makes sickly or "chesty" children strong again *quickly*.

Now, after 5 months of winter, your child's chest is weakened. That is why the present changeable weather is so treacherous to your child's lungs. Scott's strengthens the lungs. Builds bone and flesh. Wards off spring coughs, colds and chest troubles. Start Scott's to-day!

Scott's Emulsion

Your child needs it now!

50 Solid Silver Cider TANKARDS FREE!

Simply write on a postcard what, in your opinion, is the reason for the popularity of Bulmer's Woodpecker Cider. For the best replies 50 solid silver Tankards will be distributed free. *Mention "John Bull."* For address and further particulars see page 4.

I'M NICER WITH MUSTARD

— Colman's Mustard

When CORNS hurt like aching teeth

Worrying the *top* of a corn with a razor or caustic acid will only make matters worse. Get after the *root*. That is what causes all the pain by pressing on sensitive nerves. The quickest, safest and best plan is to rest your feet for a few minutes in a hot medicated and oxygenated foot-bath prepared with 'Reudel Bath Saltrates'. The oxygen carries special corn-loosening salts right down to the root so that it soon comes out as easily as the hull out of a strawberry. A 'Reudel' foot-bath also stops aches, pains, tenderness, burning, itching and the bad effects of acid perspiration. MONEY BACK IF DISSATISFIED.

VERY IMPORTANT NOTICE

If quick relief from corns and foot troubles is desired, on no account must 'Reudel Bath *Saltrates*' be confused with bath salts which lack curative action. Ask plainly for 'ROO-DEL' and see you get the *YELLOW* packet.

REUDEL *Pronounced ROO-DEL*
BATH Saltrates
1/6 & 2/6 Large YELLOW Packets

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Please send Gratis and Post Free a sample of 'Reudel Bath Saltrates'.
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PILES
NEGLECTED, MAY LEAD TO SERIOUS OPERATION

Many people suffer in silence untold agonies, constant brain-wearying irritation and pain caused by piles, simply because they have never discussed this trouble with even such a confidant as their chemist. If you are a sufferer, make up your mind to ask your chemist about the wonderful preparation Man Zan. This clean, simple-to-use remedy is just marvellous in the quick way it stops the maddening irritation, allays inflammation and, persevered with, banishes the most serious form of this agonising trouble.

Man Zan Brand Pile Remedy is no ordinary ointment, but a special preparation solely for those with pile trouble. It is prepared in a special nozzle applicator tube, making it simple and clean to use. Sold by chemists everywhere, price 3/-.

ManZan
BRAND
PILE REMEDY

The Parish Doctor Resigns —and why

WHEN I first became a parish doctor ten years ago the £85 a year salary seemed a useful addition to my income. It was for part-time work, which could be carried out during the course of the daily routine of general practice.

At that time I regarded the appointment from rather an idealistic point of view. I realised that the patients had no free choice of a doctor and consequently I took special care to treat them exactly the same as private and panel patients.

I lay some stress upon this honest attempt to give satisfactory service at the beginning lest anyone should criticise too harshly the years which followed, when ideals wore thin under the burden of overwork and scandalous underpayment.

Eighty-five pounds a year is approximately 32s. 8d. a week. Ten weeks chosen at random from the first year's parish records show an average of 32.6 visits and surgery attendances per week. This gives a gross remuneration of 1s. per service, the majority of which were visits I paid to patients' houses.

But this is not all. Threepence of this shilling was deducted for income tax, leaving ninepence, out of which I had to provide all medicines and to pay a proportion of my motoring expenses and the cost of providing and maintaining a surgery.

The balance—if any—was the payment for the time and skill of a professional man!

IT became obvious that the work had to be reduced. This was done, but the number of patients increased (the salary remaining the same), and so it became a desperate struggle to visit parish patients as rarely as possible in self-defence.

In a recent illness of my own a drug was prescribed for me which cost 2s. 9d. a dose. Could I supply such treatment for parish patients at an all-in rate of ninepence a visit?

The medicines had to be, first and foremost, cheap.

Again, because the patients were mostly incurables, cheap drugs were not often a point of great practical importance, but the principle of it is all wrong.

Even the question of bottles cropped up. At ninepence a visit one has to insist upon the patients supplying their own, and so occurs the pitiful spectacle of a professional man wasting time in a busy surgery—time which should be devoted to his proper work of examining patients—in haggling about a twopenny deposit on a bottle in which to dispense some coloured water.

Poor Law work contrasts very vividly with panel practice, which is much more satisfactory.

Taking my own panel for a period of two years, the average payment per service (visits or surgery attendance) was 2s. 4d. This sum, while small for a special night visit, for instance, is reasonable on the average, considering the number of visits and attendances merely for the purpose of giving a certificate or prescription.

Moreover, it does not include the cost of drugs nor the time and labour of dispensing them. This is the chemist's job and is paid for separately, the doctor being unfettered by considerations of cost. Any drug, no matter how expensive, can be ordered for a panel patient, so long as it is reasonably necessary.

If National Insurance visits get more numerous owing to an increase in the size of the practice, the payments increase in proportion. Poor Law pay remains the same. Moreover, the panel fees work on the insurance principle—"chronics," who need a lot of attention are compensated for by young and healthy persons who require treatment very rarely.

As Chairman of the Council, Sir Henry Brackenbury should bring this matter before the British Medical Association for thorough investigation

On the parish the opposite is the case. All are selected unfit, and mostly permanently unfit, who constantly need attention. Again, because they are old and infirm there is a disproportionate amount of visiting.

The relieving officer is a very busy man, and, naturally, cannot exercise strict supervision over the issue of medical relief cards, which cost the authorities nothing extra. Consequently, many unsuitable people get these cards.

ON more than one occasion Poor Law patients have asked me to arrange an appointment with a consultant—at three guineas! If a patient can afford this sum for one consultation with a specialist, then, obviously, he can—and should—pay a general practitioner.

Extra payments, apart from the salary, are few and far between, but they present certain anomalies. For the certification of a lunatic the parish doctor gets one guinea. For this responsible work very careful examination is necessary, and it is only right that payment should be made.

But, and here is the absurdity, if the doctor *cannot certify insanity*—and it needs just as much care and time—*he gets nothing*!

If the parish doctor is unfortunate enough to attend a midwifery case at the request of the relieving officer he receives the magnificent fee of ten shillings for this tedious, inconvenient and time-consuming work, which so frequently takes place in the middle of the night. If he is called in by a midwife the county council pay him two guineas.

This difference was more or less rational, if somewhat cynical, when county councils looked after maternity work for the general population and the guardians looked after a special class called paupers. But now the county councils are in control of both services and pay the fee in each case the difference is merely absurd.

THOUGH profoundly dissatisfied with the whole business, I retained the appointment of District Medical Officer in the hope that the proposed changes would revolutionise the pay and conditions of service. For years Poor Law "reform" was in the air, and at last it came. At one blow the Guardians were abolished, workhouses became institutions and pauper lunatics became rate-aided persons of unsound mind.

So far as I was concerned, the sole and only difference after a year or two of the new régime—and this is the literal truth—was that column one of my fortnightly medical return sheets was headed "Name of Patient" instead of "Name of Pauper."

And then occurred the only thing about my career as parish doctor which I really enjoyed—my resignation.

"The Greatest of These—" Fund.

A Home in Jeopardy

"I HAVE been threatened to be turned out owing to arrears of rent, which through illness of my baby I have been unable to meet."

So wrote Mary's distracted father. He has a wife, two children and himself to provide for out of 27s. 3d. a week. The following are the letters the post has brought him:

(1) From his landlord: "I am giving instructions to get possession of the house you occupy, as I cannot allow these arrears to keep increasing." (2) The firm from whom he purchased a bed on the hire system: "Unless you call and see the undersigned on Tuesday, please have our goods ready for collection." (3) From his waterworks company: "Your water rate, with arrears amounting to £2 16s., is still owing, and I am directed . . ."; then follows a threat to disconnect his supply pipe from the main.

Mary's dad did his utmost to stave off these disasters, and now his life is a constant nightmare lest he cannot fulfil the conditions arrived at. He must pay 15s. a week rent and 1s. off arrears, for one week's failure means eviction. His total arrears amount to £11 7s.

He must pay 2s. 6d. a week off his water rate, and if he fails, his supply will be cut off. As regards the bed, he must pay 1s. a week.

So that his undertakings total 19s. 6d. a week, leaving 7s. 9d. to provide for two adults and two little children, one of whom is a sick baby.

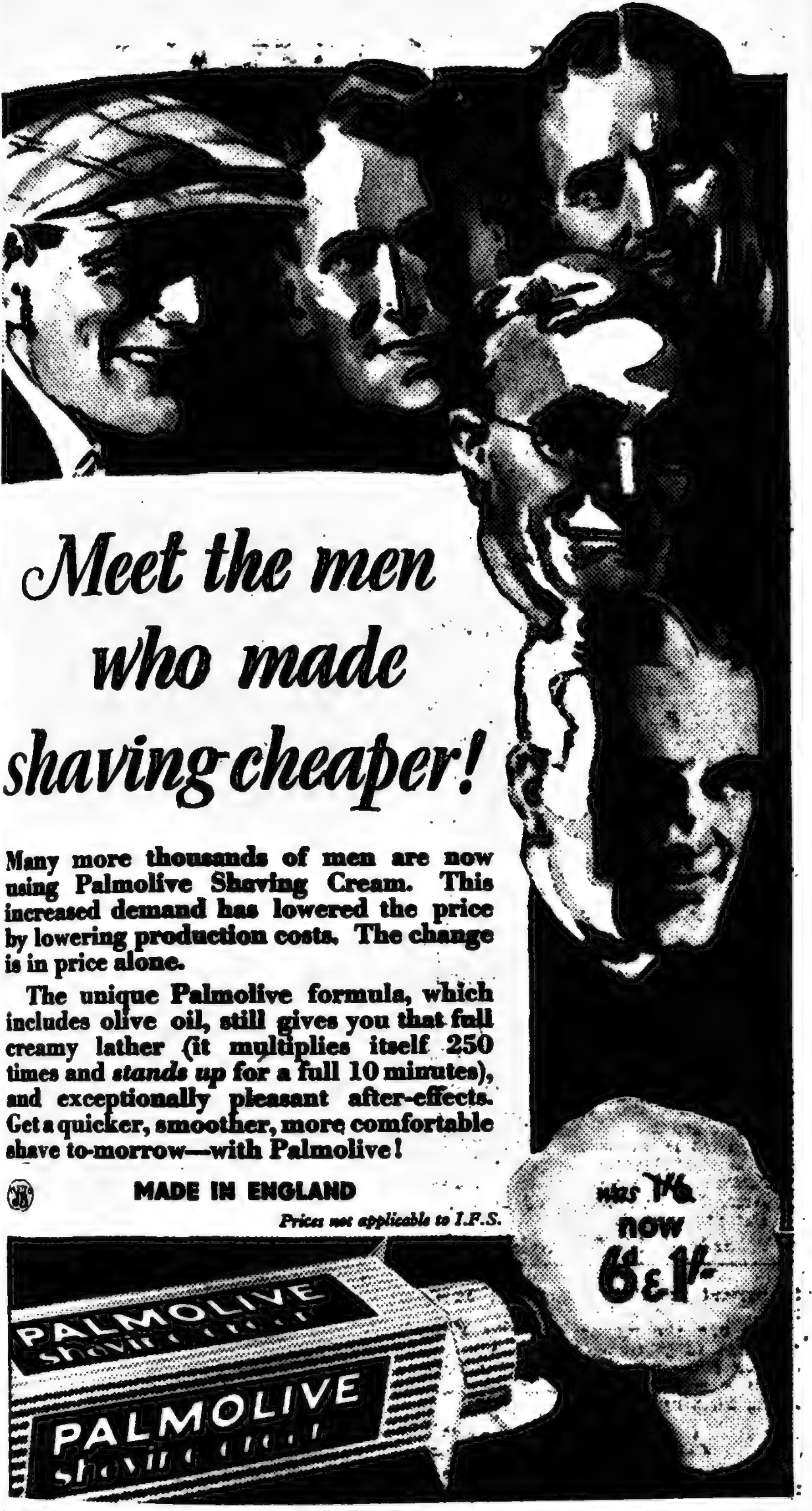
* * *

What has he done to merit such hard luck? In January, 1915, he managed to join the Army at the age of fourteen, serving four and a half years and being wounded three times. "As I did not learn a trade before I joined," he says, "I had to take any employment, and have since been in and out of work. At times I have had to clean doorsteps and sell firewood to get food for my wife and children. This last eighteen months has been my worst experience. I have had to pawn bedclothes and dispose of everything I could."

* * *

A firm of builders and contractors who have from time to time employed Mary's father, state that he is "a steady, hard-working man," and his doctor says that he has had considerable illness in his family.

All this hard luck can be transferred into good luck if our charitable readers will send donations earmarked "Mary," which, as well as donations for the Fund generally, should be addressed to the Hon. Secretary, JOHN BULL War Sufferers' Fund, 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2. Lists of subscriptions are kept at the office and a copy of the current week's will be sent on application.



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The unique Palmolive formula, which includes olive oil, still gives you that full creamy lather (it multiplies itself 250 times and *stands up* for a full 10 minutes), and exceptionally pleasant after-effects. Get a quicker, smoother, more comfortable shave to-morrow—with Palmolive!

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EXHAUSTED BY ANÆMIA.

When Everything is a Burden.

One of the most serious effects of anæmia is the state of exhaustion to which it rapidly reduces its victims. They tire at the slightest exertion, and feel so "done up" that they can enjoy neither work nor pleasure.

If you are like this—languid and despondent, cannot climb the stairs without losing your breath; if you cannot eat, often feel ready to faint, and your face and lips are pale then take heed, for anæmia must not be neglected.

There is one way and one way only to banish anæmia, and that is to get new blood. It is quite easy to do so if you take Dr. Williams pink pills, for these pills create new blood—good, rich blood for which your system is languishing. This new blood will soon restore the tinge of health to your cheeks, and give you the quick, active step and the bright eye that go with perfect health.

Time after time the efficacy of Dr. Williams pink pills in the treatment of anæmia has been proved; they give new strength to men also.

You can now buy Dr. Williams brand Pink Pills from any chemist at 1s. 3d. a box (triple size 3s. 0d.).

FREE. No girl or woman should miss reading the booklet, "Nature's Warnings," sent free to all who write to C. H. Dept., 36, Fitzroy Square, London, W.1.

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Both the Empire Blend at 10d. per oz. (fine Virginian and Colonial Tobaccos), and the Rich Dark Virginia, at 11½d. per oz., are packed in Vacuum Sealed Tins. That's why Bondman is so cool, fresh and economical. Try an ounce to-day. Bondman suits pocket and palate.

10d PER OZ.
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LLOYDS

BONDMAN TOBACCO

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Richard Lloyd & Sons (Branch of Cope Bros. & Co., Ltd.), 83, Clerkenwell Road, London, E.C.1

BACKACHE

WHAT WOULD YOU GIVE FOR A NEW BACK?

There are thousands who have ended the misery of chronic backache caused by weak kidneys, who are ready to tell you that you can stop your cruel suffering and get back the fine strength and splendid health that really makes life worth living.

If you are a backache victim, go to your chemist to-day, get a bottle of De Witts Kidney and Bladder Pills; take them regularly and see how quickly and surely your terribly weakening pains will stop for good.

RELIEF IN 24 HOURS

Ask for and see you get the genuine De Witts Kidney and Bladder Pills, confidently recommended in all cases of Backache, Rheumatism, Joint Pains, Kidney Disorders, Lumbago, Sciatica, Excess Uric Acid, Bladder Trouble.

Within 24 hours of the first dose you see and know how good and splendid is their action on the kidneys.

Sold only in the white, blue and gold box, price 3/-, or the larger, more economical size, 5/-

DE WITTS BRAND Kidney and Bladder PILLS

COULDN'T EAT WITHOUT AWFUL PAINS

One Bottle of Tablets ends all pain.

What would you say if you had suffered from indigestion and gastritis so badly that for 17 years you couldn't eat anything and then one bottle of stomach tablets ended all your pain?

Yet that's the story of Mr. W. Wooton, of Snaefell Road, Blackburn. These are his own words:—"After 17 years of suffering with indigestion and gastritis Maclean Brand Stomach Tablets have done me more good than anything previously. I was wounded and gassed in December, 1916. Since then I have been troubled with a bad stomach. I could not eat anything and had awful pains day and night. A few weeks ago I purchased a box of Maclean Brand Stomach Tablets, and now I feel a different man altogether—the pains have gone! They are a godsend."

You, too, can get this blessed relief from the pain of indigestion, even if you have suffered a lifetime. Simply go and get a bottle of Maclean Brand Stomach Powder or Tablets, the remedy which is restoring hundreds to health and happiness, but be sure to ask your chemist for the genuine Maclean Brand Stomach Powder with the signature "ALEX C. MACLEAN." It is not sold loose, but only in 1/3, 2/- and 5/- bottles in cartons, of Powder or Tablets.

If I Could TRAVEL . .

I HAVE lived in a Thames-side slum for forty years and I would ask for nothing more than a journey to my native home in the Medway Valley, there to visit a quiet little churchyard wherein my parents rest.

Afterwards I would ramble once more through the primrose and violet-carpeted woodlands I loved so well as a girl.

In my old age I long to see the countryside in Spring time; the fresh green leaves, and the fairylands of blossoming orchards, indeed a restful sight for smoke-dimmed eyes!—*"Kentish Kate," Plumstead.*

Old Friends

I prefer people to places, and so, if I could travel, I would renew old acquaintances and seek again their warm handshakes and welcoming smiles.

I would search for people who once were my school chums and listen to how life has treated them. I would go anywhere to find again an old pal, as friendship is to me more beautiful and worth while than just "visiting places of interest." What is more, it brings more sunshine and happiness to the soul.—*W. A. S., Kettering.*

A Man's Life

I should try to get a berth on a grain boat bound from Australia round the famous Cape Horn to England.

I should want to be treated as one of the crew, to go aloft with them, reefing the sails of one of the beautiful four-masted barques that are the only type of boat capable of going through so dangerous a passage.

Perhaps I should witness some of the roughest seas ever seen by man, and I should want to be called to give a hand at any time of the day or night until the vessel was again in safe waters.

Why do I want to do this? Because it is a man's life and a wonderful experience.—*H. O., Salterton.*

Shall March Again

I shall never travel again, in reality. But when warm days come I shall be wheeled into the garden and left to my thoughts and wandering fancy.

I shall then march again with the boys to Dover Harbour and mount the gangway of the troopship to the tune of "Tipperary," and later on the forced march to the scene of battle, footsore, but happy and confident.

I shall recall the hilarious return to "Blighty" on my first leave, and the final journey back to the lines. Maimed as I am, it seems odd that I should wish to go over the old ground again. Nevertheless, I should.—*N. A., Dorset.*

Silent Joy

I would travel to Iceland in order to see the volcanoes and hot water springs, and the beautiful fiords nestling at the feet of snow-capped mountains; delights I could enjoy free from the noise of trains, trams or other noisy inventions.

Also there must be something interesting about a race that has been ruled by the same type of Government for a thousand years, to say nothing of the peacefulness of a country where there are no policemen, and yet no crime.

Finally, I would like to see a depression!—*R. D. W., Bristol.*

Encouragement

In our schoolboy days my chum and myself had been bosom friends. Some years after leaving school he was sentenced to several years' imprisonment at Dartmoor.

If I had the means to travel I would just like to go to that great grey prison on the bleak moor to give my schoolboy chum a few words of encouragement.—*A. R., Birmingham.*

—OUR— LETTER PARLIAMENT

ORIGINAL letters upon the subject below, not exceeding 100 words, are invited. 10s. will be paid for each letter published; 2s. 6d. for "Shorts." Envelopes marked "Letter Parliament," must reach 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2, by first post Tuesday, May 1.

What Made Me Believe in Religion

Advice Resented

Thirty years ago my only sister and relative, a school-teacher, decided to accompany her young man to Tasmania, to start life afresh.

Upon hearing of her intentions I wrote advising her against the proposal, pointing out the risks and possible hardships she would encounter.

She answered my letter, upbraiding me for my lack of sympathy, and passed out of my life completely, leaving absolutely no trace.

I would go to Tasmania, therefore, for the pleasure of seeing her again.—*"Lonely," Liverpool.*

Their Graves

Should Dame Fortune smile upon me, and so provide the means whereby I could travel, I would visit Flanders to see the graves of all those who nobly surrendered the happiness of their home lives to fight and die so gallantly in the World War.

For, although so many noble men were barbarously slaughtered in that terrific struggle, their heroism cannot fail to command the veneration of youth.

Thus, from sheer respect, I would visit their graves, buried deep in Flanders' cold earth.—*"Schoolboy," Weston.*

One Short Mile

No world trips for me; I am travelling every day as a railway guard.

Every journey to Scotland and back takes me past a little cottage a mile from the line on which I ride.

The journey I want to take is that short mile from the line to that little cottage.

The reason? It is the place where I was born and, despite my life of travelling, which takes me past it several times a week, I have never had a chance to visit it since childhood.—*F. H., S.W.17.*

"Seeing" London

Ever since I retired, fifteen years ago, from the Coastguard Service at the age of sixty-five, I have lived close to my old station.

Had I the chance to travel, I would go to London sight-seeing, because I've never yet been!

I have visited many queer places during my time, in fact, I have "made port" somewhere in all five continents; but somehow it happened that I never touched London, and, although I'm getting on in years, I could still enjoy a visit.—*H. L., Kent.*

Above the Clouds

If the wish of an old woman like myself could be gratified, I would like to go to my son flying on the Cape to Cairo route.

He is just a mechanic in a famous flying company, but I would love to be near him, high in the clouds, sailing steadily over wide plains, dense jungles; floating low, watching real wild animals, just like he does.

People think I would be afraid. But I wouldn't. With my son, my only son, I would feel safe.—*"Sixty-two Years," S. Wales.*

Industrial Tour

If I were given the opportunity of travelling wherever I wished I should like to visit the Midlands, Northern England and numerous closed collieries, where unemployment has caused so much distress and brought pitiful poverty in its trail.

At the same time I should visit the various centres opened for unemployed men's benefit, and would finish my tour with a sight of the giant Cunarder.

For from the shelter of a comfortable home and permanent situation one cannot realise the great troubles of our less fortunate brothers.—*D. E., Watford.*

* * *

If I could travel I'd go from Victoria to Vladivostock by the Trans-Siberian Railroad. This thirteen days' railway journey would, I hope, cure me of my impatience with the local line and make me value my home more than I do.—*"Home-bird," Winsford.*

On a tram to work; being fed up with lying on a sick bed.—*"Industrious," Peckham.*

The hills of Northern India. My brother lies there in a lonely grave in a narrow pass. He was only a lad when he was killed by a native one night while on sentry duty, and I'd like to put a little stone over his grave.—*"Typist," Surrey.*

Round the world twice has been my experience, but give me the green fields and villages of the English countryside, the Scottish Highlands, the Welsh mountains, the Irish vales and glens.—*C. A. T., Ilford.*

FOOTBALL SELECTIONS

By our Expert—for Matches played on April 28

ENGLISH CUP FINAL.

Portsmouth v. MANCHESTER CITY.

FIRST DIVISION.

(1) Chelsea v. ARSENAL.
**(2) HUDDERSFIELD v. Blackburn.
(3) Aston Villa v. W. B. Albion.
(4) SUNDERLAND v. Everton.
(5) HOTSPUR v. Wednesday.
(6) LEICESTER v. Birmingham.
(7) Sheffield U. v. Derby.
*(8) STOKE v. Newcastle.
(9) WOLVERHAMPTON v. Leeds.

SECOND DIVISION.

**(1) BOLTON v. Millwall.
**(2) BRENTFORD v. Lincoln.
**(3) PRESTON v. Fulham.
*(4) WEST HAM v. Port Vale.
(5) BRADFORD v. Southampton.
(6) BURNLEY v. Bury.
(7) Grimsby v. Blackpool.
(8) MANCHESTER U. v. Swansea.
(9) FOREST v. Bradford C.
*(10) OLDHAM v. Hull.
(11) PLYMOUTH v. Notts County.

SOUTHERN SECTION.

*(1) GILLINGHAM v. Torquay.
(2) READING v. Orient.
(3) Watford v. Swindon.
(4) BOSCOMBE v. Aldershot.
(5) BRISTOL R. v. Newport.
(6) Cardiff v. Luton.
(7) CHARLTON v. Brighton.
*(8) COVENTRY v. Bristol C.
(9) PALACE v. Q. P. Rangers.
(10) Exeter v. Northampton.
(11) Southend v. NORWICH.

NORTHERN SECTION.

(1) WREXHAM v. Walsall.
(2) DARLINGTON v. Chester.
(3) Gateshead v. Doncaster.
*(4) HARTLEPOOLS v. Rotherham.
(5) MANSFIELD v. N. Brighton.
(6) Rochdale v STOCKPORT.
(7) TRANMERE v. Halifax.
(8) ACCRINGTON v. Barrow.
**(9) BARNSLEY v. Crewe.
**(10) CHESTERFIELD v. Carlisle.

SCOTTISH LEAGUE.

(1) HEARTS v St. Johnstone.
(2) THIRD LANARK v. Partick.
*(3) ABERDEEN v. Queen's Park.
(4) Airdrie v. AYR.
(5) Clyde v. QUEEN OF SOUTH.
(6) DUNDEE v. Hibernian.
(7) FALKIRK v. Kilmarnock.
*(8) RANGERS v. Hamilton.
(9) St. Mirren v. Celtic.

Probable winners are set in capitals. Where no distinction is made a draw is likely. Best selections are marked with two asterisks, and next best with one.

SPECIAL STAR CODE

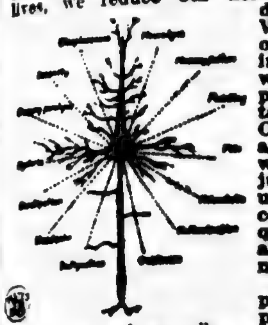
As injuries to players and consequent alterations in teams may affect the chances of different clubs, we shall publish last-minute JOHN BULL selections in code in the *Daily Herald* and *Sporting Life* each Friday morning.

Example Code.—Div. I.—2 (*H*); Div. II.—3 (*H*); Southern Section—11 (*A*); Northern Section—9 (*H*); Scottish League—3 (*H*) would indicate Huddersfield, Preston, Norwich, Barnsley and Aberdeen.

"What are you worth without Nerve Power?"

Dr. MULLER.

The complications and rush of modern life are an incessant drain on the nervous system which was never designed by Nature to stand up against such stresses. Every day of our lives we consume more energy than would have sufficed our forefathers many days. As we do not live the same hardy and natural lives, we reduce our nerve reserve in a dangerous degree. We expend without replacing, and in time the result with many is physical and mental bankruptcy. Only sixty years ago few people wore glasses, but just as the eyes under modern conditions require scientific aid, so do the nerves.



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Lost nerve power, the great problem of modern civilization, is under nourishment of the nerve cells. The concentrated nutrient the nerve cells thrive upon is not extracted in sufficient quantities from the daily food. While ordinary medicines and tonics are useless in this condition, nothing has been proved to be superior for permanent benefit than the brand of concentrated nerve cell food as advocated by Dr. Muller. If you are nerve exhausted or in need of such a remedy you cannot do better than learn more about the Muller Nutrient.

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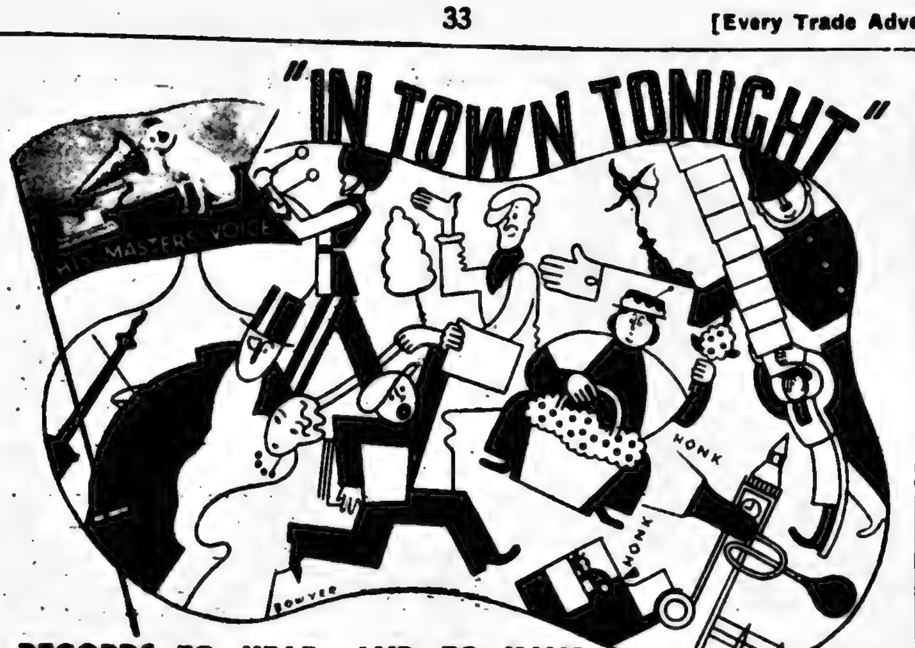

RECORDS TO HEAR—AND TO HAVE FROM THE B.B.C.'s MOST POPULAR BROADCAST FEATURE

THE "LONDON SUITE." Eric Coates

Brilliant tone pictures of a City's proud pageantry. The roar of traffic, the Hyde Park orator and the coster cry, a military band, the jingle of the harness as the Lifeguards go riding by—all the gay concentrated life of London set to music!

"London Suite" (Coates), No. 1, Covent Garden (Tarantelle): No. 2, Westminster (Meditation), C2655, 4/-: *No. 3, Knightsbridge (March): The Unforgotten Melody (Haydn Wood),* C2656, 4/-. *Played by the NEW LIGHT SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA, Conducted by Joseph Lewis.*

THE "KNIGHTSBRIDGE" MARCH Played by Ray Noble

The snatch of tune which prelude the B.B.C.'s popular Saturday broadcast feature, "IN TOWN TO-NIGHT," is from the "Knightsbridge March," the third part of Eric Coates' "London Suite." This has also been recorded as a One-step by Ray Noble and his Orchestra. On the reverse is a Fox-trot played by Ray Noble—"Over on the Sunny Side." And supremely well played it is too!

"Over on the Sunny Side": "In Town To-night" ("Knightsbridge" from the London Suite, Eric Coates). RAY NOBLE and his Orchestra.
—B6463, 2/6.

"IN TOWN ALL NIGHT" Max Kester

This is a direct burlesque parody of the "IN TOWN TO-NIGHT" Broadcast. A joyous crazy commentary because it is so nearly, nearly true. Listen to the famous men and women of the moment as they are dragged before the "Mike"—the saucy film star, the beer bottle xylophonist, the man with his pet theories, and the man with his pets!

"IN TOWN ALL NIGHT" (Burlesque) (Kester), B8145, 2/6.

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Although the cause of rheumatism in some cases is obscure, authorities are agreed that incomplete elimination of uric acid is responsible for about 90 per cent. of those attacks of rheumatism, lumbago, gout, neuritis, and other painful symptoms commonly known as "rheumatics." Therefore to obtain relief and prevent future suffering you must use a remedy which will dissolve and eliminate uric acid.
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THE EDITOR LAUGHS LAST

If you are troubled by any matter—except, of course, of a medical nature—you can obtain free expert advice that will help you. A stamped and addressed envelope is all that you have to send with your query. Write to-day. The replies given on this page to facetious correspondents are for your entertainment.

WEARY (Hull).—"I get very angry when my son puts his toy aeroplane all over the floor." Then you let fly.

O. A. (Warwick).—"I can draw a three-figure amount from the bank any day of the week." 1½d.?

Charlie (Kingston).—"Woman without her man would be a savage!" Man without his woman would be an angel!

L. B. (Halifax).—"I don't know whether to be a caricaturist or an author." Toss for it—heads or tales.

B. C. D. (Bedford).—"Our ancestors are supposed to have hopped from tree to tree." Now we hop from kerb to kerb.

W. G. (Bromley).—"What is a Penny Dreadful?" One that an automatic machine won't accept.

Bachelor (St. Helens).—"What good is a wife?" Haven't you ever tried to find the fellow to an odd sock?

Mechanic (Carlisle).—"Throttling will stop engine noises." And people who speak out of their turn.

Typist (Balham).—"My boss isn't really clever; he only makes people think he is." Well, isn't that clever?

Doris (Colchester).—"My boy spent sixteen shillings in cocoanut shies at the fair without having any luck." He must have been off his nut?

Doubtful (Manchester).—"I know there are some convincing speakers at Westminster, but which do you consider the most reliable?" Big Ben.

Observant (Watford).—"Every second person seems to be wearing glasses in these hard times." Determined to save something at any rate.

R. V. H. (Wigan).—"My fiancée is a waitress and has to work very late most evenings in the week." So then *you* are kept waiting.

F. N. (Frome).—"My eldest son came out at the top of his school last term." We remember climbing through the skylight as a boy, too.

Fred (Ealing).—"One day last week a bus caught fire in a busy street." That is what comes of offering the conductor a pound note for a penny fare.

R. S. (Richmond).—"A woman I know has a beard which she is unable to get rid of." A serious matter, this; we shall refrain from any cutting comment.

B. R. (Surrey).—"I bought a riverside dwelling cheaply, but it was flooded soon after." You got the river into the bargain.

Music Lover (Keston).—"I always hesitate to give my impression of a concert until . . ." You've seen the criticisms in the papers next day.

D. E. (Downe).—"There are millions of bachelors in this country." One has only to note the steady attendance at football matches to realise that.

R. A. (Diss).—"The ring has ruined many a young boxer's hopes." Yes, the third finger of the left hand has a lot to answer for.

S. R. (Goodwood).—"I would like to make you a present of some rustic archways I have made." No thanks; all our fires are electric.

Capstan (Plymouth).—"When I have paid my rent each week I have very little left over." Except a roof left over your head.

E. J. (Yarmouth).—"I told my landlady that my morning eggs were always stale." And, of course, she told you to come down to breakfast earlier.

S. P. (Edinburgh).—"Backless costumes for sunbathing will be fashionable again this year." They'll certainly make a lot of people smart.

J. N. (Berwick).—"What do you call a well-trained memory?" One that always remembers to forget what you don't want to remember.

P. D. (Reading).—"Lots of people nowadays use distemper, but I stick to the old-fashioned wallpaper." We've found papering a room a messy job, too.

Farmer (Yorkshire).—"Even the man in the street is worried by the danger of drought this summer." And you don't like so many people butting in on your pet complaint?

R. H. (Bolton).—"There's no place like home." Hard up?

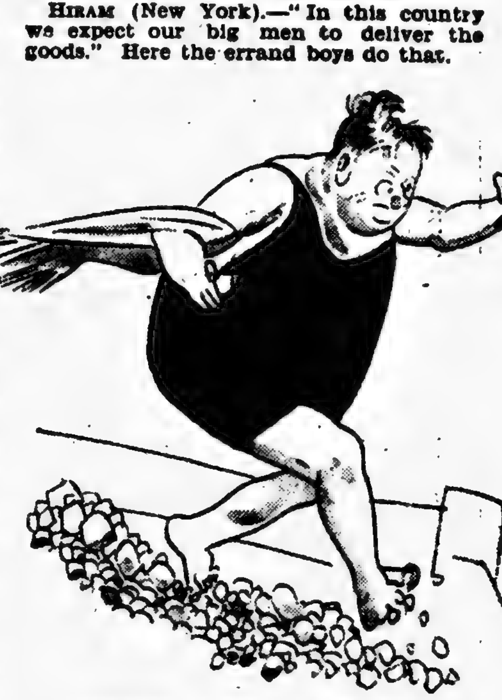
H. W. (Burton).—"One slip does not hurt you." Except on an ice-rink.

S. B. (Clapham).—"What will the summer be without a holiday?" Cheaper.

Angler (Oxford).—"I never saw such a fish." We can well believe that!

J. G. H. (Portsmouth).—"It is far from easy to become a first-class diver." And yet one has to start from the top.

Hiram (New York).—"In this country we expect our big men to deliver the goods." Here the errand boys do that.



Swimming Expert (Herne Bay).—"The 'crawl' will be very popular around our coasts this summer." It usually is at those resorts which have shingle beaches.

Investor (Hove).—"How can I get a quick return for my money?" Put it in the telephone and press button B.

F. H. (Ashton).—"What is a model husband?" One who comes up to the expectations of his wife's relatives.

H. R. (Cambridge).—"Do people really hide their talents under a bushel?" Many could do it under a thimble.

Hubby (Southampton).—"A woman likes to think she is buying something for a song." Provided her husband supplies the notes?

Sandy (Dundee).—"I have just visited London, and enjoyed masel' very much, but, man, it's an awfu' wicked place." Still you enjoyed yourself.

Hen Farmer (Dumfries).—"Seeing the smoke from the tinker's fire, I wondered what they were cooking." Were they trying to poach eggs?

Imogen (Cheltenham).—"We do not wear stockings at our school now, but nobody notices it." We bet the vendors of stockings do.

E. D. (Glasgow).—"One of the best maxims is that people who live in glass houses shouldn't throw stones." Most goldfish seem to live up to it.

T. N. (Daventry).—"I was fined thirty shillings because my Alsatian chased an errand-boy down the road." But surely it was worth the money to see the boy hurry?

John (South Shields).—"I was cut out to be a bachelor." Who cut you out?

F. W. C. (Brighton).—"From whence come most migratory birds that visit England?" Eggs.

W. S (Huddersfield).—"I wouldn't call a 'Yes man' a man at all." But you wouldn't call him No man.

Philosopher (Walsall).—"We all reach the grave in the long run." Also if we sit still.

C. T. (Newport).—"I have not paid for any of my clothing except my hat." Up to the neck in debt.

Cobbler (Newcastle).—"I have retired from business and am as happy as can be." Your heart is no longer in your boots.

T. P. (Sheffield).—"People are complaining how dull trade is just now, but there is one who always finds things dull!" The knife grinder.

Mrs. L. (Walsall).—"My young daughter is now asking me so many awkward questions that I find it difficult to give her answers which will satisfy her." Invention is the necessity of mother.

Plot (Bath).—"Men seem much more free on their allotments than they do in their back gardens." Perhaps because their wives are not watching them from the bedroom windows.

Innocent (Blackburn).—"I have never yet made a bet, so will you please tell me how to back a horse?" Just pull it by the reins in the direction you want it to go and the horse will back.

Clubman (Tonbridge).—"I should think our Test match cricketers must get tired of the sound of the bat striking the ball, playing summer and winter." It all depends upon which side is batting.

J. K. (Edmonton).—"Books are the best friends." Yes, you can get rid of them when you're tired of them.

H. M. (Hitchin).—"My terrier chews up all my slippers." Did your little boy teach him that trick?

K. L. (Lewisham).—"Anyway the fellow who calls you up on the 'phone to abuse you has to pay." Though he favours free speech.

R. J. M. (Hampstead).—"What would our confirmed criminals do if we shipped them to the North Pole?" Commit arson, probably.

Ex-Cowboy (Alford).—"I have known a man exchange his wife for a horse. Would you?" Certainly not. We drive a car.

Motorist (Ealing).—"Don't forget that car owners, too, are often pedestrians." Especially when their daughters also have driving licences?

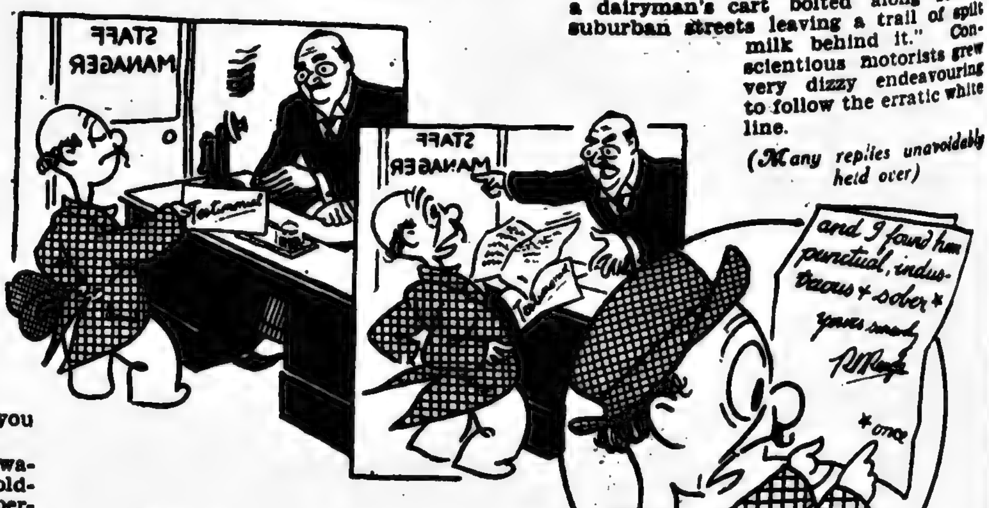
G. M. C. (Burnley).—"I shall feel lost when football's over for this season." Why, when the best game ever invented goes on all the year round? Put your best foot forward and shoot for that £1,000 goal on page 39.

Alf (Worcester).—"I took my wife to visit the famous echoing cave." The only place where she couldn't have the last word?

Geo. J. (Edinburgh).—"Whisky-tasters gargle the liquid for a moment and then expectorate it. They are well-paid." So they should be for such an unnatural job.

F. E. (Dorking).—"A horse attached to a dairyman's cart bolted along several suburban streets leaving a trail of spilt milk behind it." Conscientious motorists grew very dizzy endeavouring to follow the erratic white line.

(Many replies unavoidably held over)



ERNIE:

by Jane Noël and R. J. Bailey

NOW I REALLY ENJOY EVERY CIGARETTE

Don't think of cutting down your cigarette allowance. Here's a better way. Smoke as much as you like for the future, but eat a *Nic-o-cin* pastille at the end of each day's smoking. That won't interfere with your enjoyment. When *Nic-o-cin* is present Nicotine has no effect. One *Nic-o-cin* pastille taken at night wipes out the day's smoking as a sponge is wiped across a slate.

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Guarantee. Nic-o-cin has been thoroughly tested and proved in countless laboratory experiments by eminent analysts. It is guaranteed to be harmless and effective.

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★neutralizes nicotine

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4 FOR 6D

GRAVES No. 1 CLUB MODEL

BEATS THE WORLD FOR QUALITY AND VALUE. Frame 21 or 23in. Racing Hubs. quick release Wing Nuts. Dunlop Sports Tyres. Coventry Chain. Dunlop Endrick Rims. March Level grip adjust. Handlebars. Racing Pedals. Calliper Rear Brake. Middlemore's Racing Saddle. 'Hold-all' Bag. Rear Reflector, & Accessories. Lady's or Gent's same price £4.10.0 or 6/- monthly. Catalogue Ladies', Gent's, Juveniles', Tradesmen's, Tandems, etc.

J. O. GRAVES Ltd. SHEFFIELD

6/- NOW

[illegible] as desired.

How do You clean YOUR CARPETS?

Use a "Vac-Tric" Vacuum Cleaner and say good-bye to all drudgery. The cleanliness and labour-saving which the popular model provides will more than repay its low cost. Fill in the coupon on page 22 for free booklet and full particulars.

'Worth a Guinea a Box'

A Slogan The Whole World Knows

AS TRUE TO-DAY AS 90 YEARS AGO!

BY 1844 England's industrial revolution was well in its stride. The population of the towns had risen enormously. Inevitably health suffered. Cramped quarters, lack of fresh air, unsuitable food—all took their toll. It was then that Thomas Beecham invented his famous Pills. He foresaw the need for a corrective *all* could use—safe, gentle, certain in action. Since then, tens of millions have kept fit with Beecham's Pills. They have proved to the hilt the truth of his famous slogan—"Worth a Guinea a Box."

Banish CONSTIPATION

and Banish the One Cause of 90% of Everyday Ills

Conditions to-day impose a far greater strain on the system than they did 50 years ago. Life is more hurried—food has a far smaller chance to be digested properly. As a result there are more people to-day suffering from **Unsuspected Constipation** than ever there were. It is easy to tell whether **you** are a victim. Do you suffer from **HEADACHES, ANÆMIA, DULL EYES, BAD SKIN, INDIGESTION, FEELING OF AGE, LOSS OF CHARM**—all can be traced to this one cause. Take Beecham's Pills.

They will tone Liver and Kidneys—cleanse and purify the system. They will bring back **VITALITY, ENERGY, CLEAR SKIN, SPARKLING EYES, RADIANT CHARM**—they will lift the Clouds of Ill-health, give back the Sunshine of 100 per cent. Fitness. Beecham's Pills are sold everywhere

To-night! take—

Beecham's PILLS

Purely Vegetable

GIANT NEW "JOHN BULL" X-WORD OFFER

£6 EVERY MONTH FOR LIFE AND £600

£100 FOR ALL RUNNERS-UP

£100 EXTRA BETWEEN RUNNERS-UP FROM WHOM WE RECEIVED TWO 6d ENTRIES IN THE SAME ENVELOPE

BONUS AWARD VALUE.. A SEASON TICKET PROVIDING 80 FREE 6d ENTRIES FOR OUR CROSSWORD CONTEST FOR EVERY RUNNER-UP.. £2

OR HUGE LUMP SUM OF £850 . . .

257

TO-DAY we launch a great, new series of weekly Crossword Contests, each bringing within your reach a novel big Pension-plus-Fortune First Prize.

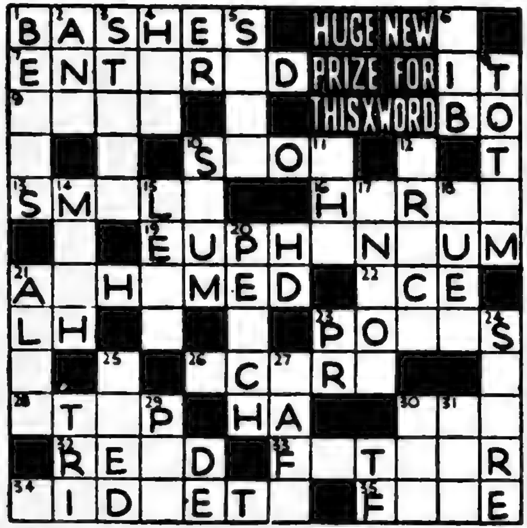
If yours is the only correct Solution to this week's Puzzle which we receive, your enormous reward will be the splendid Life Pension of £6 monthly for life, to which "John Bull" will add the fine sum of £600. With such an income for life and this huge cheque to provide the luxuries you long for, May would be a merry month indeed—and a telegram on Thursday, May 10, may bring you these blessings.

Augmenting the £200 for Runners-up to be shared, we have brought back this week those unique Bonus Awards value £2 which past winners have so warmly appreciated—Crossword Season Tickets, each containing 80 free passes on our Crossword line!

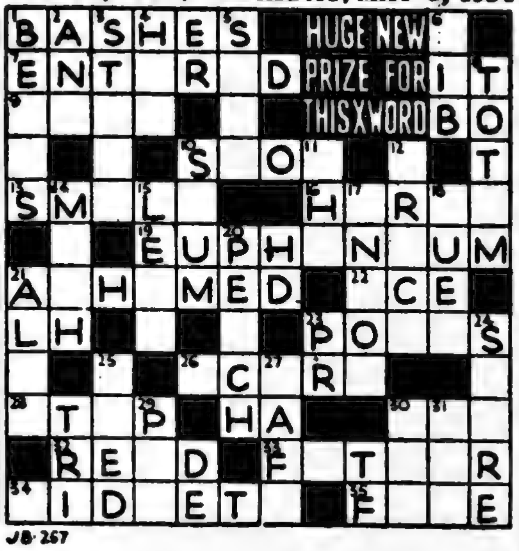
You will find the Puzzle below another of the unusual "John Bull" type, with commonsense Clues which will pay for careful study. Try a quiet half hour with them this evening and see that your Squares are in by noon, Thursday, May 3.

"John Bull" will pay a Life Pension of £6 a month and £600 Cash (or a lump sum of £850) for a correct solution on one square of the puzzle below. Failing a correct solution the prize will be awarded to the reader whose entry is the nearest correct solution. An additional £100 will be divided between those competitors who enter squares containing one error only, or only one error more than the winning solution. An extra bonus of £100 will be divided between Runners-up from whom we have received two sixpenny coupons in same envelope. A Season Ticket providing Eighty Free Entries to our Crossword Contest will be added to every Runners-up prize. Solution of puzzle will be published in "John Bull" on sale Thursday, May 10th, and winner in "John Bull" on sale Thursday, May 17th.

"JOHN BULL" CROSSWORD No. 257—CLOSING (NOON) THURSDAY, MAY 3, 1934



JB 267



JB 267

In entering this Competition, I agree to abide by the Editor's decision as final in all matters appertaining thereto, and enclose

P.O. value.... No. ....

Readers in Scotland ineligible. See Rule 5.

ENTRY FEE for 2 Squares **6D.**

SIGNED ....

ADDRESS ....

....

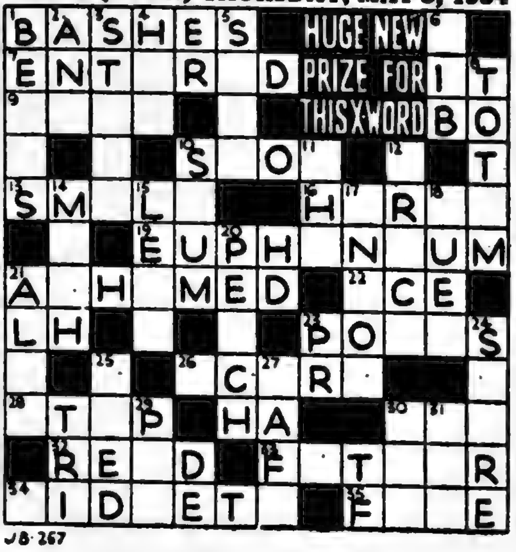
CUT ROUND THESE DOTTED LINES

CUT ROUND THESE DOTTED LINES

"JOHN BULL" CROSSWORD No. 257—CLOSING (NOON) THURSDAY, MAY 3, 1934

HUGE NEW PRIZE FOR THIS X WORD

JB 267



JB 267

In entering this Competition, I agree to abide by the Editor's decision as final in all matters appertaining thereto, and enclose

P.O. value.... No. ....

Readers in Scotland ineligible. See Rule 5.

ENTRY FEE for 4 Squares **1/-**

SIGNED ....

ADDRESS ....

....

If entering two Coupons, each containing two Squares, cut coupons out separately and add name and address to each.

ENTRY FEE. With two squares send P.O. for 6d. With four squares send one P.O. for 1/-. See Rule 1.

NO CLAIMS REQUIRED.

ADDRESS ENTRY "JOHN BULL" CROSSWORD No. 257, 57, Long Acre, London, W.C.2. (Comp.)

Winners in Competition No. 255 on Page 37.

Solutions and Winners in Competition No. 256 and Solution of Competition No. 257 will be published in "John Bull" on sale Thursday, May 10, as announced.

STUDY THESE CLUES

ACROSS

1. Hard knocks
7. Went in
9. The first gardener
10. It falls in winter
13. Your nose detects this
16. Gambler plunges upon one
19. Deep-toned brass instrument
21. The reverse of proud
22. Often accompanies No. 10 Across
23. They write verses
26. Once this takes root, it grows surprisingly
28. Baby's first one causes excitement
30. Time that has gone
32. Plant that grows in a marsh
33. Some exercises make you this
34. Can be annoying when you want peace
35. A gala

DOWN

1. Are overdone by "hot music" conductor
2. It links two other words
3. Single revolution transforms it
4. Border of a garment
5. Maker's tab may be, on your jacket
6. Conscientious folk hate to do this
8. A pole used by Indians as a symbol
10. Collection of dilapidated dwellings
11. "—— goes there?"
12. Shares can change in
14. Something that's mixed up
15. Best greyhound takes it skilfully
17. Vegetable with strong smell
18. Fat used for puddings
20. Dies off if kept without water
21. There's often something white on the top of these
24. Good team work improves it
25. Tells when you're workless
27. Idle, useless persons
29. You hang your hat on one
30. Consumed
31. Fetch

READ THESE RULES AND CONDITIONS

1.—Complete Puzzle in ordinary ink, not copying-ink or copying-ink pencil, cut out the whole entry form, whether both puzzle squares are used or not. Entry fee for two squares is SIXPENCE—for Four Squares send ONE SHILLING. Make Postal Order payable to Odhams Press Ltd., and cross it / & Co. /; write name and address and date of posting on back of P.O., and fill in the number upon Entry Form, send Entry Form by post, as directed, to reach us not later than NOON, Thursday, May 3, 1934.

2.—In addition to the two sixpenny entry forms on this page, each entrant may submit TWO EXTRA SIXPENNY ENTRY FORMS, provided these are taken from "John Bull's" free weekly "Crossword Gazette." No entrant may submit more than TWO ENTRY FORMS from this page, plus TWO from "Crossword Gazette." Squares left incomplete, mutilated, indistinct or altered will be disqualified. No responsibility is accepted for any entry lost, delayed, not delivered or mislaid, and no correspondence will be entered into.

3.—Winner of this contest will appear in "John Bull" on sale Thursday, May 17, 1934. Should any competitor not announced as a winner have entered a coupon eligible for a share of the First Prize he must demand a scrutiny by first post Tuesday, May 29, 1934, in accordance with directions given with result. Any such scrutiny, which may amend the result, must be accepted as final. No scrutiny can be conducted in connection with the additional award of £100 to be divided between the Runners-up. Competitors should note that errors are computed according to the number of words which wrongly answer the clues given.

4.—In the event of a tie, a prize will be divided, but no competitor may receive more than one award per contest. Should first prize be shared, £850 cash will be paid instead of the two-in-one award.

5.—Readers in Scotland are debarred from and cannot enter this competition. Any entry form bearing an address in Scotland will be disqualified.

6.—Failure to comply with any of the conditions involves disqualification.

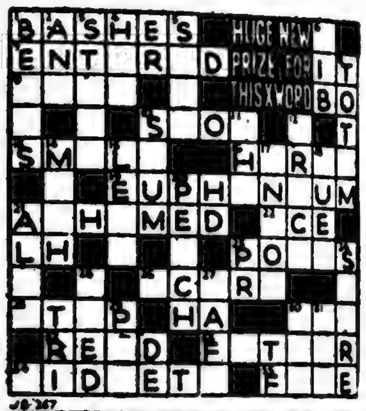
7.—Employees of Odhams Press Ltd. and members of their families are not eligible to compete.

NEWSAGENT'S PRIZE.

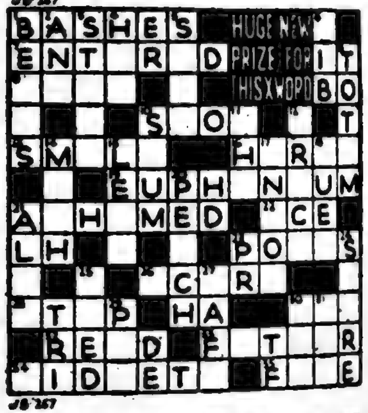
A special prize of £5 will be awarded to the Newsagent from whom this contest's first prize winner usually purchases his copy of "John Bull." Should the first prize be shared the £5 will be divided between sharers' Newsagents.

KEEP YOUR COPIES BELOW

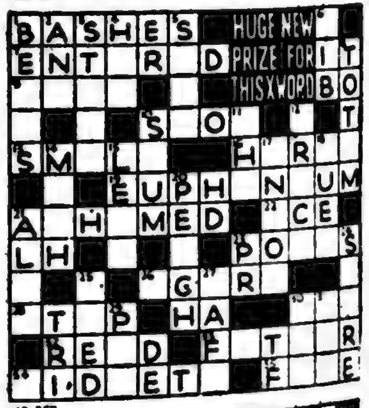
These miniature reproductions of this week's Puzzle are only to be used for keeping copies of your solutions.



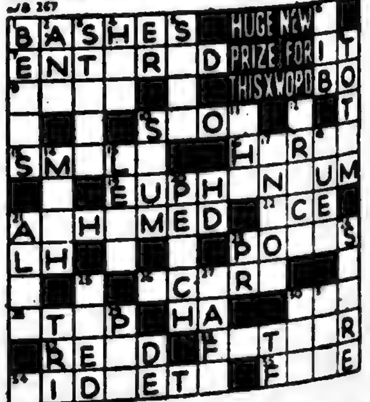
JB 267



JB 267



JB 257



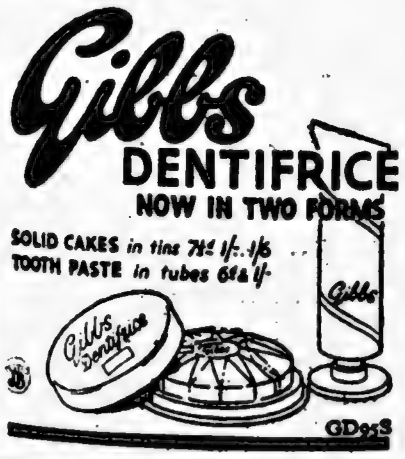
JB 257

FREE HELP

with "John Bull's" puzzles awaits you in the **Crossword Gazette.** Register on **Bulletin** coupon in "Bullets" page.

Your vivacity, youth and attractiveness depend so much upon your teeth. Use Gibbs Dentifrice twice a day. Leading Dentists declare it to be the one tooth cleanser needed to keep teeth sound and white from childhood to age. Millions of private users in years of actual test have proved it. Free samples of Gibbs Dentifrice in both paste and block forms gladly sent. Write to D. & W. Gibbs Ltd. (Dept. 95V). London, E.1., enclosing 1½d stamp for postage.

Change to



Gibbs DENTIFRICE
NOW IN TWO FORMS

SOLID CAKES *in tins 7½d 1/-. 1/6*
TOOTH PASTE *in tubes 6d & 1/-*

GD95S

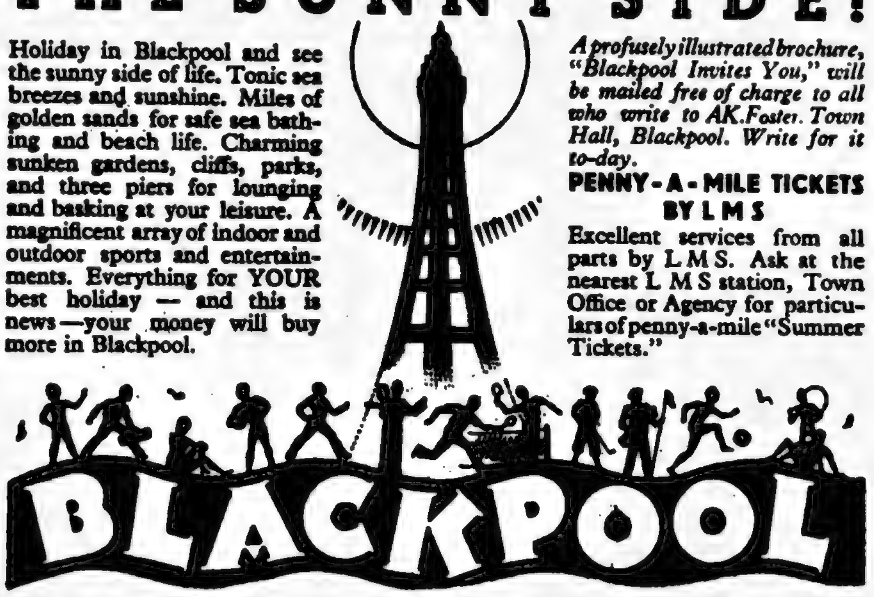
WHAT DID HE DO To His HAIR?

Phyllis never took any notice of George until he started using **'HARLENE' HAIR CREAM.** He was transformed! His hair became sleek, shining and perfectly dressed. Even after the hardest day he looked serene and "unruffled." **'HARLENE' HAIR CREAM** is the latest and best Hair Toilet Aid for men. The Effect it gives is not only the last word in Smartness, but is also perfectly natural. Just use a little every morning before brushing the hair and you will enjoy that smart well-groomed appearance all day. Get a bottle now.

'HARLENE' HAIR CREAM is sold by all chemists, price 7½d., 1/1½d. and 2/- per bottle, or sent direct (post free) on receipt of price.

FREE Every man who takes a pride in his appearance is invited to accept a Sample Bottle of "Harlene" Hair Cream Free. Just send (postage 1½d.) 2d. stamps for Postage and Packing to—Edwards Harlene, Ltd. (C.806), 20/26, Lamb's Conduit St., London, W.C.1.

THE SUNNY SIDE!



Holiday in Blackpool and see the sunny side of life. Tonic sea breezes and sunshine. Miles of golden sands for safe sea bathing and beach life. Charming sunken gardens, cliffs, parks, and three piers for lounging and basking at your leisure. A magnificent array of indoor and outdoor sports and entertainments. Everything for YOUR best holiday — and this is news—your money will buy more in Blackpool.

A profusely illustrated brochure, "Blackpool Invites You," will be mailed free of charge to all who write to AK.Foster. Town Hall, Blackpool. Write for it to-day.

PENNY-A-MILE TICKETS BY L M S

Excellent services from all parts by L M S. Ask at the nearest L M S station, Town Office or Agency for particulars of penny-a-mile "Summer Tickets."

£1,200 Won in Crossword Competition No. 255.

In the above Competition correct solutions were received from the following six competitors, who share the £1,000 offered. To each of them, subject to the conditions of the Competition, a cheque for £166 13s. 4d. will be sent:—

W. Ashton, 65, Botany Brew, Chorley, Lancs.
M. A. Asquith, 16, Watson Street, Morley, Nr. Leeds.
H. Beecham, Woodmans Arms, Wootton, Isle of Wight.
H. Collins, 36, Park Crescent Terrace, Brighton.
J. Forey, Moss House, Abernant, Aberdare.
G. Watson, 6, Quadrant West, Hillfields Park, Bristol.

Any other entrant who claims to have sent a solution eligible for a share of this Prize must demand a scrutiny by First Post, Tuesday, May 8th, sending £1 Scrutiny Fee, copy of solutions and Postal Order number. Envelope to be registered, marked "Scrutiny" and addressed to the Competition Editor of "John Bull."

No scrutiny can be undertaken in connection with the Award of £100 to Runners-up. This Prize has been divided between 77 competitors from whom we received solutions containing one error and who will each receive £1 6s. A list of these winners can be seen at the "John Bull" offices and all have been notified.

An extra £100 will be shared among the Runners-up who submitted two 6d. coupons in the same envelope.

BONUS WINNERS IN CROSSWORD NO. 253. Ninety-seven competitors qualified to share the extra £100 offered and payments of £1 0 8 have been despatched.

Another Splendid New X-word offer with a First Prize of a Life Pension of £8 Every Month and £300 cash or a lump sum of £350, together with prizes for Runners-up appears on Page 38. Try your skill now!

MILTON CLEANS FALSE TEETH

His false teeth were so tarnished he didn't know what to do, until—

"A friend of mine told me to try Milton. It has acted like a miracle"

E. J. M. WRITES

"My teeth were so tarnished, I tried everything I could think of, but to no good result. A friend of mine told me to try Milton. It has acted like a miracle, and my teeth to-day are spotless. I am only a working man, but I feel it my duty to write."

MILTON CLEANS FALSE TEETH

He went to endless trouble & expense, until—

"I decided to give Milton a trial. The result is simply wonderful"

W. P. B. WRITES

"For years past my dentures have been a source of trouble and expense to me . . . till one day I saw your advertisement . . . I decided to give Milton a trial. The result is simply wonderful. My dentures are the same as new, all the tobacco stains, etc., have entirely disappeared . . . Milton does its work in a mysterious manner overnight."

SMALL 6d SIZE

LARGER SIZES, 1/-, 1/6 & 2/6

MILTON PROPRIETARY LIMITED,
JOHN MILTON HOUSE, LONDON, N.7

STRONG HEALTHY EYES! ARE PRECIOUS DO NOT NEGLECT THEM

At the first sign of redness, irritation, crusts on the eyelids when waking—take immediate action, or serious complications will follow. Singleton's will protect and keep your eyes in perfect condition. For over 300 years THE WORLD'S UNRIVALLED REMEDY FOR ALL EYE TROUBLES—Weak, Watery and Bloodshot Eyes, Eye Strain, Cold, Inflamed Eyelids, Styes, Ulcers, etc.

SINGLETON'S EYE OINTMENT

From all Chemists, or Direct at 2/9 per pot.

FREE BOOK. To Stephen Green, Ltd., 210, Lambeth Road, London, S.E.1. Please send booklet, "How to Preserve the Eyesight."

NAME ....

ADDRESS ....

....

ACUTE GASTRIC ULCER

Mr. Simpson, 151, Harbottle St., South Byker, Newcastle, writes: "I feel I must write and tell you the great benefit I have got from Vitadatio. The doctor told me I had Acute Gastric Ulcer. I was in agony and tried all kinds of medicines without avail. My food did not digest, I felt dizzy and my knees felt as if they were giving way. I am now on my seventh bottle, and I say thanks to Vitadatio, because I am a new man in every way and shall always recommend it to anyone suffering."

Vitadatio SEND FOR FREE BOOK of TESTIMONIALS

The world-renowned Herbal Tonic and Blood-purifier—invaluable for Blood Trouble, Liver, Kidney and Stomach Complaints. Vitadatio has saved thousands of lives—it may save yours. There is no substitute for Vitadatio, it has succeeded when all else has failed. Sold by Boots, Taylors, Timothy Whites & most Chemists & Stores, 3/- & 5/- per bottle (per post 6d. extra in U.K.). Special 21/- bottles, for export only, post free from

VITADATIO, No. 121. ARMLEY, LEEDS.

I'll give you a Regular Income! STOCK GIVEN FREE!

NO CAPITAL OR EXPERIENCE REQUIRED!

If you want a sure, steady, SPARE-TIME INCOME—then write to me to-day. I'll start you in business and GIVE YOU FREE STOCK. I'll pay you a Big Regular Commission and give you a fixed, guaranteed profit-sharing Bonus, plus £100 in Cash Prizes. You have nothing to Buy or Sell—and not a penny Capital is required. It's the easiest and surest way to earn more money—quickly and pleasantly. If you want—

MORE CASH FOR YOUR HOLIDAYS—
MONEY FOR AMUSEMENTS—
MONEY FOR YOUR WEEKLY EXPENSES—

then write to me TO-DAY and I'll give you a

PERMANENT AND SUBSTANTIAL INCOME

Write DD/301

"SARTOR," DERBY STREET, MANCHESTER, 8

FREE BOOK FOR ASTHMA and CATARRH Sufferers!

Fill in the Coupon on the Back Cover for a free copy of a 48 p. book, which explains how sufferers from Asthma, Catarrh, Bronchitis, etc., can escape from these distressing maladies. The Book tells how perfect health can be regained, speedily and with lasting relief. Cut out the Coupon NOW and post in an unsealed envelope bearing ½d. stamp.

Mother's & Daughter's Story of "KOTALKO" Hair-Growing

She Had Five Bald Patches

"SHE had five bald patches," writes Miss Longley's mother from Conisborough, near Rotherham. She has now a splendid head of hair. I was troubled with dandruff and my hair was turning grey, but my head is now clear of dandruff, and my hair is its natural colour again."

Are YOU Losing Hair ?

Thousands of men and women have re-grown fine new heads of hair by using Kotalko. It re-grows the hair because it frees the scalp from hair-stifling scurf and poisonous and malodorous grease, softening the hardening scalp, and restoring its healthful circulation, and reviving new and vigorous life and growth in the sleeping hair-roots.

Cleanse and Soften Scalp and Hair Follicles Once Weekly with Kotalko Scalp Soap.

KOTALKO
TRUE HAIR GROWER

If you have dandruff, or are losing hair, or if you are nearly or entirely bald, use or copy the Coupon below.

To JOHN HART BRITTAIN, Ltd.,
9, Percy Street (53 AB), London, W.1.

Please send me, post paid, Testing Package of KOTALKO, and KOTALKO SOAP, with directions, for which I enclose threepence in stamps.

NAME..

ADDRESS..

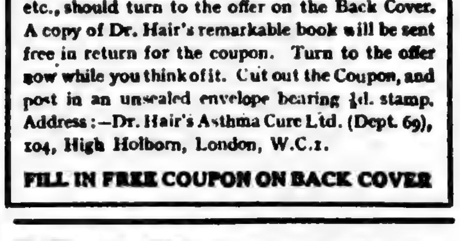
....

* A 48-page Book FREE.

Every reader who suffers from Catarrh, Asthma, etc., should turn to the offer on the Back Cover. A copy of Dr. Hair's remarkable book will be sent free in return for the coupon. Turn to the offer now while you think of it. Cut out the Coupon, and post in an unsealed envelope bearing ½d. stamp. Address:—Dr. Hair's Asthma Cure Ltd. (Dept. 69), 104, High Holborn, London, W.C.1.

FILL IN FREE COUPON ON BACK COVER

GRAVES Beats the World For Quality & Value



Make sure of having the best by installing GRAVES-NATIONAL 3-Valve Battery-driven self-contained Set. It is a triumph of Radio skill and enterprise, and gives you countless hours of pleasurable entertainment.

Every component the best of its class. Steel Chassis, British Valves, Illuminated Tuning Dial. Figured Walnut Cabinet 17 x 10 x 9in. **IT HAS A SPECIAL COIL CIRCUIT USING IRON-CORED RADIO FREQUENCY COILS, AND PERMANENT MAGNET MOVING COIL LOUD SPEAKER OF ADVANCED DESIGN.** H.T. Battery, Accumulator & Aerial Equipment. Nothing else to buy. Carriage Paid £6.16.0 or 8/- monthly. Fullest Approval. NO CHARGE FOR EASY TERMS.

8/- NOW

Mr. W. S., Hartlepool, writes:—'I find the National 3-Valve Set to be in first-class condition, with perfect results both on Foreign and English Stations. I am well satisfied and more than thankful to your Firm for your promptness.'

Mr. W. G. K., Kingston, Surrey, writes:—'I received the Set and given it a good trial. The reception and tone are perfect. I can get any station required at good volume. We are now listening to the Midland Programme and wondering why we went without so long when there were Radio Sets like this to be had.'

GRAVES-NATIONAL 3-VALVE SET FOR A.C. MAINS fitted with finest components, including Iron-cored Radio Frequency Coils, latest pattern Moving Coil Loud Speaker. Beautifully figured Walnut Cabinet. Complete in all respects, Carriage Paid £9:0:0 or 12/- monthly. NO CHARGE FOR EASY TERMS. **WRITE FOR CATALOGUE** of these and other self-contained Radio Sets of latest design for Mains or Batteries including Band Pass, Super-Het Sets, etc.

J. G. GRAVES LTD. SHEFFIELD.

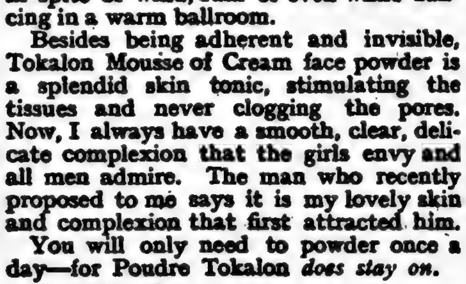
9 A.M....

...no need to powder again today!

Men dislike to see a woman constantly dabbing powder on her nose. But, many girls think there is no other way to prevent their skin from becoming shiny and glistening. I have found, however, that when a good face powder is blended with Mousse of Cream, as in Tokalon Mousse of Cream face powder, it stays on all day in spite of wind, rain or even while dancing in a warm ballroom.

Besides being adherent and invisible, Tokalon Mousse of Cream face powder is a splendid skin tonic, stimulating the tissues and never clogging the pores. Now, I always have a smooth, clear, delicate complexion that the girls envy and all men admire. The man who recently proposed to me says it is my lovely skin and complexion that first attracted him.

You will only need to powder once a day—for Poudre Tokalon *does stay on.* 6d. and 1/- a box.

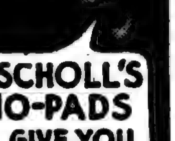

I'M MADE MISERABLE BY MY CORNS!
DR. SCHOLL'S ZINO-PADS WILL GIVE YOU INSTANT RELIEF

CORNS

The safe, quick way to end pain is to use Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads. Apply one on tender spots, corns, callouses or where the shoe rubs or pinches, and you'll have immediate relief! Used with the separate *Medicated Disks,* included at no extra cost, hard, old corns and callouses are speedily loosened and removed. Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads stop the cause — shoe friction and pressure.

Sizes for Corns, Callouses and Bunions

Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads are made in special sizes and shapes for Corns, Callouses, Bunions and Soft Corns. From Shoe Shops, Chemists and Dr. Scholl's Depots, 1/3d. a packet.



Z.118

For FREE SAMPLE

and valuable book on Foot Care by Dr. Wm. M. Scholl, write to Dr. Scholl's Foot Comfort Service, 93 Regent Street, London, W.1.

Dr Scholl's Zino-pads

Put one on—the pain is gone!

*** A FREE OFFER**

On p. 30 readers are invited to write for a free generous Sample of "Reudel Bath Saltrates." These oxygenating Salts loosen corns to the roots and bring ease and comfort to tired and tender feet. Fill in the Coupon on p. 30 NOW!

THEY'VE ALL WON £1,000 —So Can You!

She kept on trying

He won in a flash

... but he took hours on his "Bullet"

IF you can earn as much as a thousand pounds in less than four years, you are fortunate. And not one-tenth of us are able to save that amount in a life-time.

Yet there is a way in which you can earn as much as £1,000 this evening—and there is a young Nottingham printer who can tell you all about it.

He is Mr. David Green, Jnr., 37, Watcombe Circus, Carrington—and it was for a few words neatly dove-tailed into a *Bullet* that he secured his four-figure fortune.

How did he manage it? Simply by taking the *Example* HOPELESS, and neatly condensing his own cure for despair into these well-chosen words: THINGS SEEM? THINK! SCHEME!

"I had spent two dinner hours thinking about that *Example*," Mr. Green told a JOHN BULL man at the time. "To make a good *Bullet* seemed—well, hopeless!

"Then I started on it again at home," he continued, "and jotted down *Never Say Die* and a few other tags. I got as far as *Things Seem? Nonsense!* A little word-twisting and there was my complete *Bullet*."

* * *

In striking contrast to the painstaking way in which this young printer composed his winning effort, let us recall the experience of another £1,000 prize-winner, Mr. E. Fearnside, 97, Kershaw Street, Thornbury, Bradford.

Within a few seconds of considering the *Example*, he assured a JOHN BULL man, he wrote down in completed form his telling *Bullet*, PRICE OF PLEASURE—CHEAP, IF "DEAREST" REASONABLE.

That a woman can make a £1,000 *Bullet* as speedily as a man was proved by Mrs. C. Wingfield, 44, Eastover, Bridgwater.

Almost as soon as she began working on the *Example*, she told our representative, down went the simple but striking effort which secured her this splendid sum a few weeks ago.

Yet the *Bullet* she created so swiftly, WE NEED—TO NEED, TO HEED, is well worth studying. Its appeal, made without a wasted word, is to both ear and heart—and that is the secret of many a First Prize effort.

"I've often nearly given up *Bullets*," Mrs. Wingfield said, "but my husband always told me to keep on trying."

* * *

Whether you have been some time on the *Bullets* road or if you are taking your first step to-day, the success of these winners proves this. If you will but tackle the making of your *Bullets* with care and common-sense, this week's huge First Prize of £1,000 is well within your reach.

Result of FREE £250 Judging Contest

IN connection with *Bullets* Competition No. 933, the result of which will appear next week, entrants were invited to enter for a Free £250 Judging Contest.

The adjudicators' markings of the *Bullets* concerned were as below:

X 2 2 1 X 1 1 X 1 2 X 1

No competitor forecast this result exactly, and cheques for £35 14s. 4d. will accordingly be received by the following winners, who correctly forecast 11 results:

Mrs. A. L. Atkinson, 30, Barn Rise, Wembley Park; J. Brodie, 33, Ardrossan Road, Saltcoats; W. A. Hawkins, 32, Stuart Road, S.W.19; H. Knowles, 15, Coombe Road, Gravesend; H. Lister, 40, Tobin Street, Wallasey; Mrs. J. Ross, 4, Bangholm Loan, Leith; A. Thompson, 62, Greengate Street, Barrow-in-Furness.

Secure each Thursday a free copy of *Bullets Bulletin*, our valuable guide to Competition success.

Use Reservation Coupon on opposite page and enjoy every week the thrill of "*Bullets* Football."

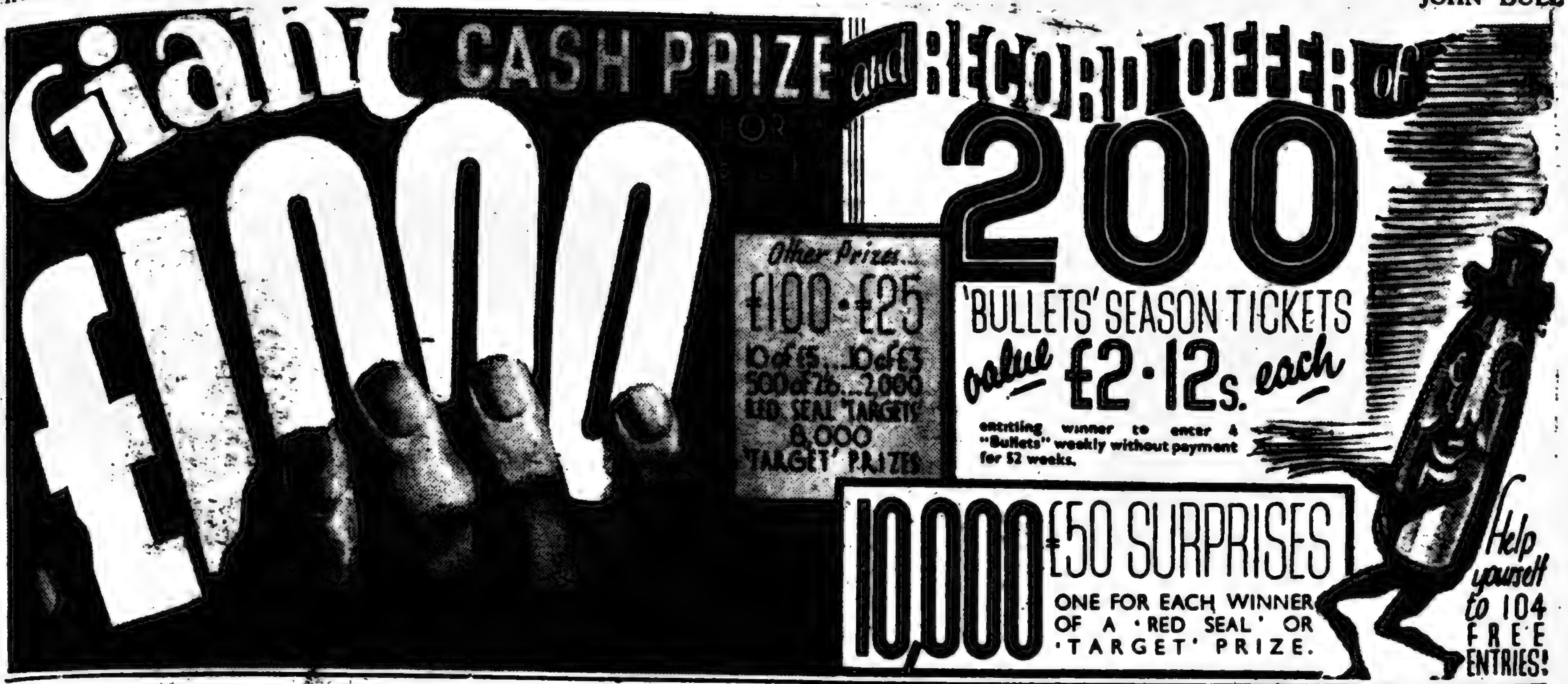
THESE "BULLETS" WON £10,000!

THERE is no better training for a huge success in *Bullets* than a careful study of winning styles. We have compiled here for your assistance, therefore, a collection of successful efforts to whose senders JOHN BULL has paid the huge sum of £10,000.

There is not one of these winners, you will find, that you could not have made up yourself. Let that fact spur you on to a determined attack on this week's £1,000 for a few words.

WASTED LIFE
  NEEDN'T BE—BE NEEDED!
PRETTY TOUGH
  WHEN "TENDER" YEARS "UGLY."
FOR SONNY'S SAKE
  I TIPTOE—I TRAMP.
FIGHTING SPIRIT
  FORTUNATELY "MY DOVE'S" *Got.*
FEARSOME BEAST
  IN TO-DAY'S "JUNGLE," TO-MORROW?
IN A WEAK MOMENT
  DON'T OVERTHROW "LIFE'S EDIFICE."
SELDOM CONSIDERED
  ETERNITY—THERE'S NO TIME!
GARDEN OF PEACE
  HELP YOURSELF "TO PRODUCE"!
CURE FOR DEPRESSION
  "QUICK ONE," QUACK ONE.
AT THE CONFERENCE
  WORD-SPINNING—WORLD REELING.
TO PUT THINGS RIGHT
  FIX "STANDARDS" *Above* GOLD.
BY THE STREAM
  "MILLSTONE" FLOATS GENTLY AWAY.
TO SETTLE THE DEBT
  TO PARENTS, BE "CREDIT."
HER MOTHER -
  MAKES SERGEANT SEEM MOTHERLY.

"John Bull" Insurance Gift Registration Forms and the "John Bull" Pen Coupon appear this week on page 2 of cover.



Four-figure Fortune and Record Season Ticket Offer!

A HUGE First of £1,000 cash towers above the many cheques which JOHN BULL offers this week. And the privilege of entering over 200 *Bullets* free during the next twelve months is to be won by the record number of 200 entrants.

In addition to this huge array of awards value £2 12s. each, this fine list includes a £50 Surprise for each of the 10,000 winners of Red Seal and "Target" Prizes.

Despite its many attractions, however, this offer appears for one week only. Time is short, therefore, if you want to be amongst the 10,723 winners—but you can well spare half an hour on a job that may bring you a four-figure fortune.

Out with your pencil and tackle those *Examples* now, making certain your *Bullets* are in by Saturday, May 5.

HOW TO MAKE "BULLETS",

To make a *Bullet*, concentrate on (say) six of the *Examples* which appeal to you most and jot down against them every thought they bring to your mind. These rough notes may seem far from brilliant, but they are raw material which you can shape into polished efforts.

Each of your finished *Bullets*, remember, should consist of TWO, THREE or FOUR words of apt and original comment, closely linked to the *Example*. Your next course, therefore, is to compress your ideas into these limits, polishing the wording until you are satisfied that it cannot be improved upon.

For instance, your rough note on the *Example*, ON THE ROAD, might be *Pedestrians As Careless As Motorists*. This you could easily compress and improve to ON THE ROAD—CARELESSNESS "ON BOTH SIDES."

Before beginning on your *Bullets*, however, complete this nutshell lesson by carefully examining the list of previous big winners on the opposite page.

Notice the simplicity of each. See how each word pulls its weight. Then get busy and make some *Bullets* worthy of this week's four-figure fortune yourself.

USE THESE "EXAMPLES"

THE COUNTRY
NO TIME TO LOSE
TOO MANY COOKS
BAD FOR THE CONSTITUTION
THE REAL DANGER
ON THE ROAD
COWARDLY ATTACK
GIRL NEXT DOOR
PICTURE OF INNOCENCE
WHEN SHE BLUSHED
MAN WITH A CONSCIENCE
CAUSED A SCENE
HAPPIER WORLD
LONG AGO
AUNTIE'S SLIMMING, SO
NERVOUS WRECK
DISTURBER OF THE PEACE
UPSET GRANDPA
HE SAID NOTHING, BUT
UGLY SITUATION
DOCTOR SUNSHINE
OUT TO PLEASE
ALSO
THE BOSS'S JOKE
TOO ONE-SIDED
UNJUST
BY HOOK OR BY CROOK
HENPECK'S REVENGE
LYING
FATE'S CANNON-BALLS
ALL IN THE GAME
TO SAVE LABOUR
SHE KNOWS
WHY HE LOST
HER WORST ENEMY
LIKE A RAT IN A TRAP

96 FREE PAGES OF COMPETITION HELP

What do the judges want? How do the big prize-winners make their efforts?

These and scores of other questions you will find answered in *Bullets Bulletin*, which will also introduce you to a thrilling new £25-a-week *Bullets* Football Contest.

Post off the coupon to-night and receive each Thursday for 12 weeks this eight-page guide to competition success.

POST THIS COUPON TO-NIGHT!

I enclose P.O. value sixpence (crossed "& Co.," payable to *John Bull*) to cover postage on 12 consecutive issues of "*Bullets*" *Bulletin*, commencing with the next available issue.

NAME ……………………………………………………

ADDRESS ……………………………………………………

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Post to:—"BULLETIN" DEPT., ODHAMS PRESS LTD., 30, BEDFORD ST., LONDON, W.C.2.

(Do not send this coupon with "Bullets" entry.)

READ THESE RULES CAREFULLY.

1. The First Prize will be awarded for what, in the opinion of the judges in consultation with the Editor, is the best Bullet received, and the other prizes in order of merit, the test being cleverness, aptness and originality. The Editor undertakes that every Bullet received shall have careful consideration by a competent staff of qualified judges.

2. Only two attempts may be written on each coupon and a postal order must be enclosed at the rate of 6d. for each coupon made use of. This must be made payable to JOHN BULL and crossed "& Co." Competitors must write their names and addresses and the date of sending the order on the back of the postal order, the number of which must be duly noted on each coupon submitted. Coupons must not be mutilated.

3. The Editor's decision on any matter of dispute arising in connection with this competition must be accepted as final and legally binding in all respects and acceptance of this rule is an express condition of entry. Employees of Odhams Press and their families are not eligible.

NEWSAGENTS' PRIZES.—Cheques for £5, £2 and £1 respectively will be paid to the Newsagents from whom the chief winners in "Bullets" No. 936 usually purchase "John Bull."

The original cheque for £750 awarded to the First Prize-winner in Competition No. 932 will be displayed in the window of Messrs. J. & J. M. Thomas, 8, Bank Parade, Edgware.

ENTRY-FEE.—You must enclose a Postal Order with your entry at the rate of 6d. for each coupon submitted. This should be made payable to "John Bull" and crossed "& Co." Write your name and address with date of posting on the back of the Postal Order.

EXAMPLE
BULLET
EXAMPLE
BULLET
(936) Closing SAT., May 5
P.O. No. ____________
I agree to enter in accordance with the rules announced on this page. With 1 Coupon send P.O. for 6d.
Signed ____________
Address ____________

EXAMPLE
BULLET
EXAMPLE
BULLET
(936) Closing SAT., May 5
P.O. No. ____________
I agree to enter in accordance with the rules announced on this page. With 2 Coupons send P.O. for 1s.
Signed ____________
Address ____________

EXAMPLE
BULLET
EXAMPLE
BULLET
(936) Closing SAT., May 5
P.O. No. ____________
I agree to enter in accordance with the rules announced on this page. With 3 Coupons send P.O. for 1s 6d
Signed ____________
Address ____________

EXAMPLE
BULLET
EXAMPLE
BULLET
(936) Closing SAT., May 5
P.O. No. ____________
I agree to enter in accordance with the rules announced on this page. With 4 Coupons send P.O. for 2s.
Signed ____________
Address ____________

EXAMPLE
BULLET
EXAMPLE
BULLET
(936) Closing SAT., May 5
P.O. No. ____________
I agree to enter in accordance with the rules announced on this page. With 5 Coupons send P.O. for 2s. 6d.
Signed ____________
Address ____________

If you wish to send in further "Bullets" you can write them on plain paper.

Address Entry: "Bullets" No. 936, "John Bull," Long Acre, London, W.C.2 (Comp.)

NEXT WEEK'S HUGE OFFER—FORTUNE AND DERBY WEEK HOLIDAY FOR TWO!

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A REMARKABLE 48-PAGE BOOK DESCRIBING A DOCTOR SUFFERER'S DISCOVERY

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Amazing & speedy relief from

ASTHMA, BRONCHITIS AND CATARRH

BANISH YOUR SUFFERING SEND FOR THIS FREE BOOK NOW!

Few people to-day are free from the ravages of Asthma, Bronchitis and Catarrh. These dread diseases, unless checked, increase their grip until life becomes a burden.

WHY SHOULD YOU SUFFER?

Full particulars of a simple and inexpensive Home Remedy for sufferers from Asthma and Chronic Bronchitis are to be found in a remarkable 48-PAGE ILLUSTRATED BOOK which will be sent FREE to all who complete and post the coupon below. Everyone who is interested in obtaining speedy relief and lasting freedom from these distressing complaints should lose no time in sending for it.

The Royal Physician who endorsed Dr. Hair's Asthma Cure.

DOCTOR-SUFFERER'S PERSONAL EXPERIENCE.

Among the interesting features of this valuable Free Book are a description of this unique and most successful treatment; and the story of the way in which a Doctor-Sufferer from Asthma found a path to freedom from his agonising complaint through the medium of what is now famed throughout the world as "Dr. Hair's Asthma Cure."

Dr. Hair's Remedy has proved successful in many thousands of stubborn cases of Asthma, Bronchitis and Catarrh. As the book tells, Dr. Hair himself has said: "In almost every case, my treatment will enable the patient to sleep in bed without suffering, and if the directions are followed, health, strength and flesh will be rapidly restored."

This most important and welcome news for sufferers is endorsed by eminent physicians, including specialists in complaints of the breathing organs; and many thousands of sufferers have voluntarily given their testimony to the success of this wonderful treatment. "Agonising spasms completely ceased and recovery since then permanent." "I cannot praise your cure too much—I feel a new woman and can now walk miles without the slightest shortness of breath." "Wonderful relief." "No spasms since the third day." These are but a few opinions of Dr. Hair's Asthma Cure, the ONLY remedy for Asthma, Bronchitis and Catarrh to be endorsed by a Royal Physician. More enthusiastic letters from grateful patients appear in the Free Book, now offered to readers of "John Bull."

BANISH YOUR SUFFERING— SEND FOR THIS FREE BOOK NOW.

Why should the agonies of sleepless nights continue—why suffer from the recurring fights for breath—each one of which is weakening you. Send at once for this valuable free treatise and learn how health and strength may be yours. Simply fill in and post the coupon below.

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THE PROVED LIQUID REMEDY FOR 57 YEARS

Dr. Hair's Asthma Cure is obtainable from all Chemists, including Boots, Taylors, Timothy Whites, at 3/- and 5/- (double size) per bottle.

FREE BOOK

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(Dept. 69), 104, High Holborn, LONDON, W.C.1.

Please send me free and post paid, Dr. Hair's 48-page Book on Asthma, Bronchitis, Catarrh and Hay Fever.

Name...

Address..

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Post in an UNSEALED envelope with ½d. stamp. ***Write Clearly.*** J.B. 28/4/34

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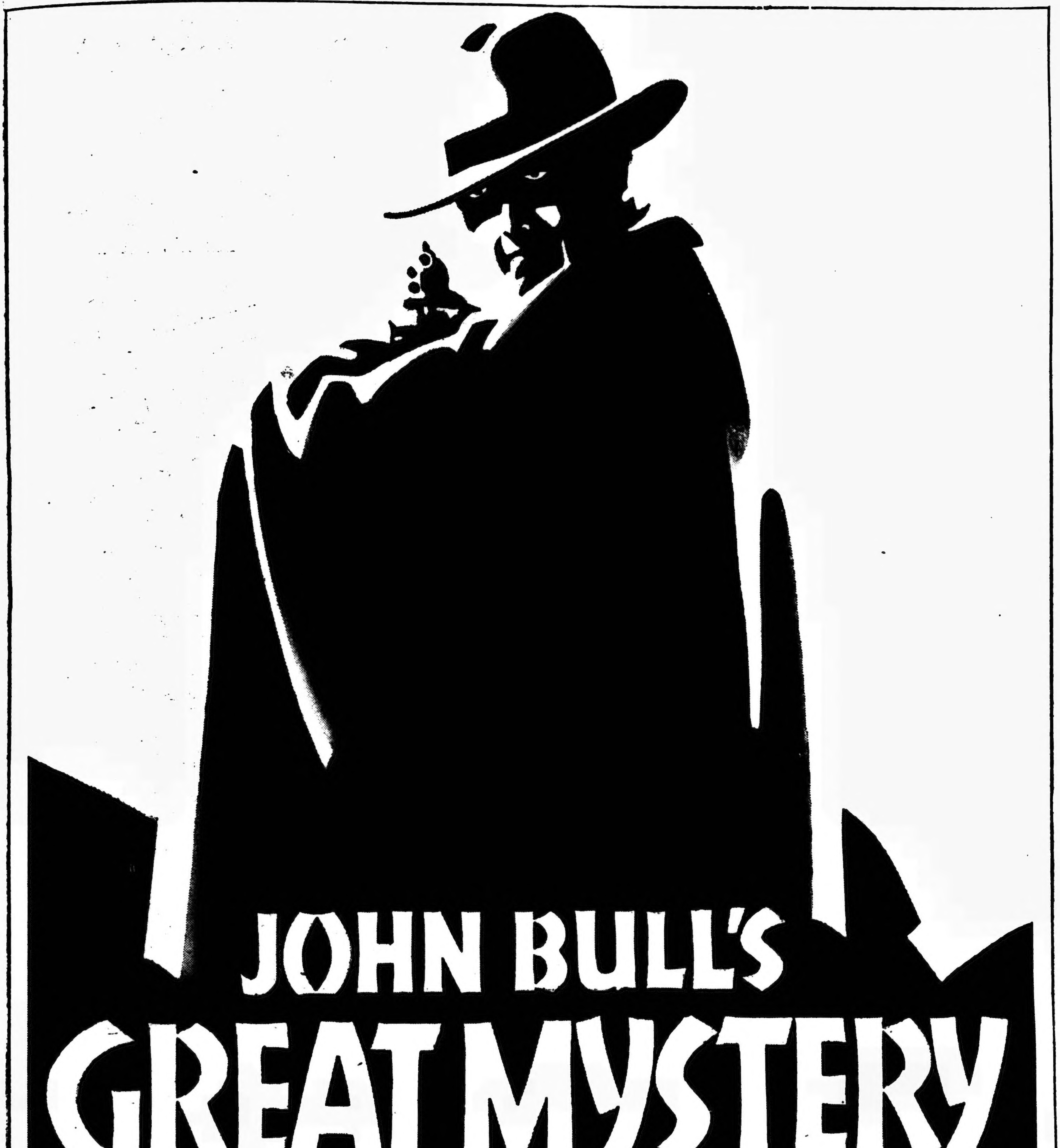
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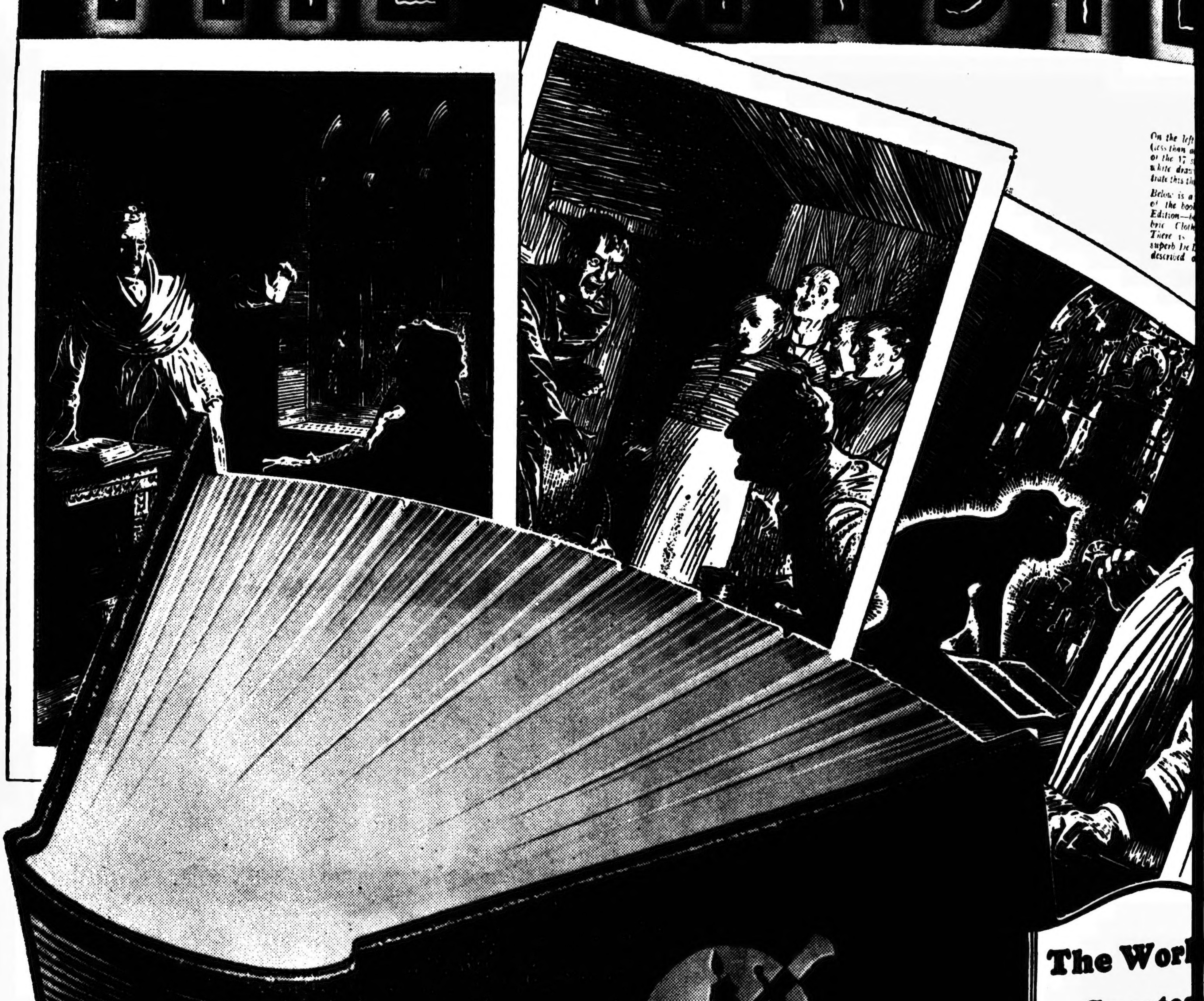

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Jerry Jarvis's Wig	*R. H. Barham.*
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The Open Door	*Mrs. Oliphant.*
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Tcheriapin	*Sax Rohmer.*
Wandering Willie's Tale	*Sir Walter Scott.*
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Where Their Fire is not Quenched	*May Sinclair.*
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YOUR SIGNATURE ....

YOUR NAME ....

FULL POSTAL ADDRESS ....

DATE.......... ....

IMPORTANT.—You must complete the label on the left—affix a halfpenny stamp firmly to space provided—write your name and full postal address. This Reservation Form together with the label on left may be posted in an envelope bearing a halfpenny stamp provided the envelope is unsealed.

"John Bull," 28/4/34

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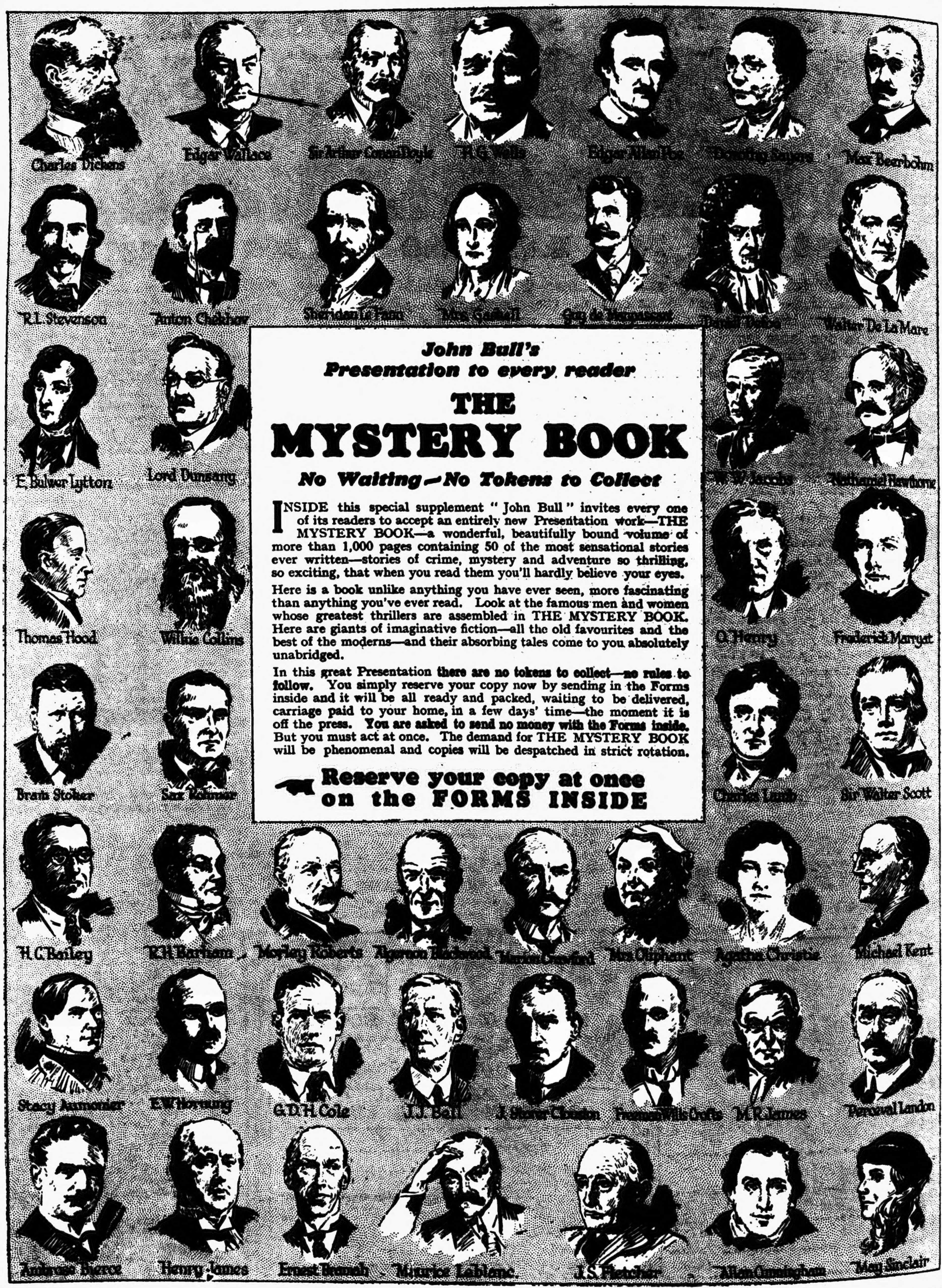
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Guy de Maupassant
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Walter De La Mare
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Here is a book unlike anything you have ever seen, more fascinating than anything you've ever read. Look at the famous men and women whose greatest thrillers are assembled in THE MYSTERY BOOK. Here are giants of imaginative fiction—all the old favourites and the best of the moderns—and their absorbing tales come to you absolutely unabridged.

In this great Presentation **there are no tokens to collect—no rules to follow.** You simply reserve your copy now by sending in the Forms inside and it will be all ready and packed, waiting to be delivered, carriage paid to your home, in a few days' time—the moment it is off the press. **You are asked to send no money with the Forms inside.** But you must act at once. The demand for THE MYSTERY BOOK will be phenomenal and copies will be despatched in strict rotation.

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